Wilidek

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The Millidek

The seventeenth volume of the Annual of the James Millikin University, published by the Junior Class in May of the year Nineteen Hundred Twenty

To All Millikin

who may find in these pages memories that freshen and quicken our common life into a deep reality—

Greetings

Isabelle Thompson Machan

A true scholar, sweet and ennobling as the rare classics she lives and teaches—a gentlewoman.

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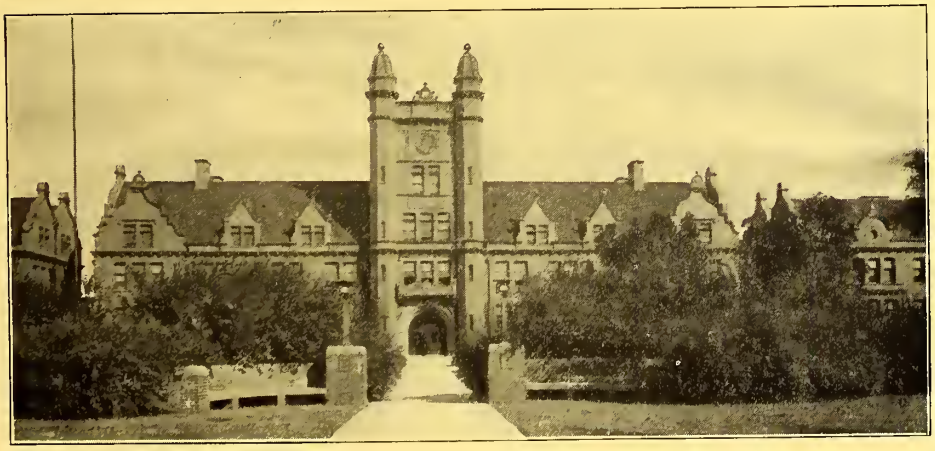
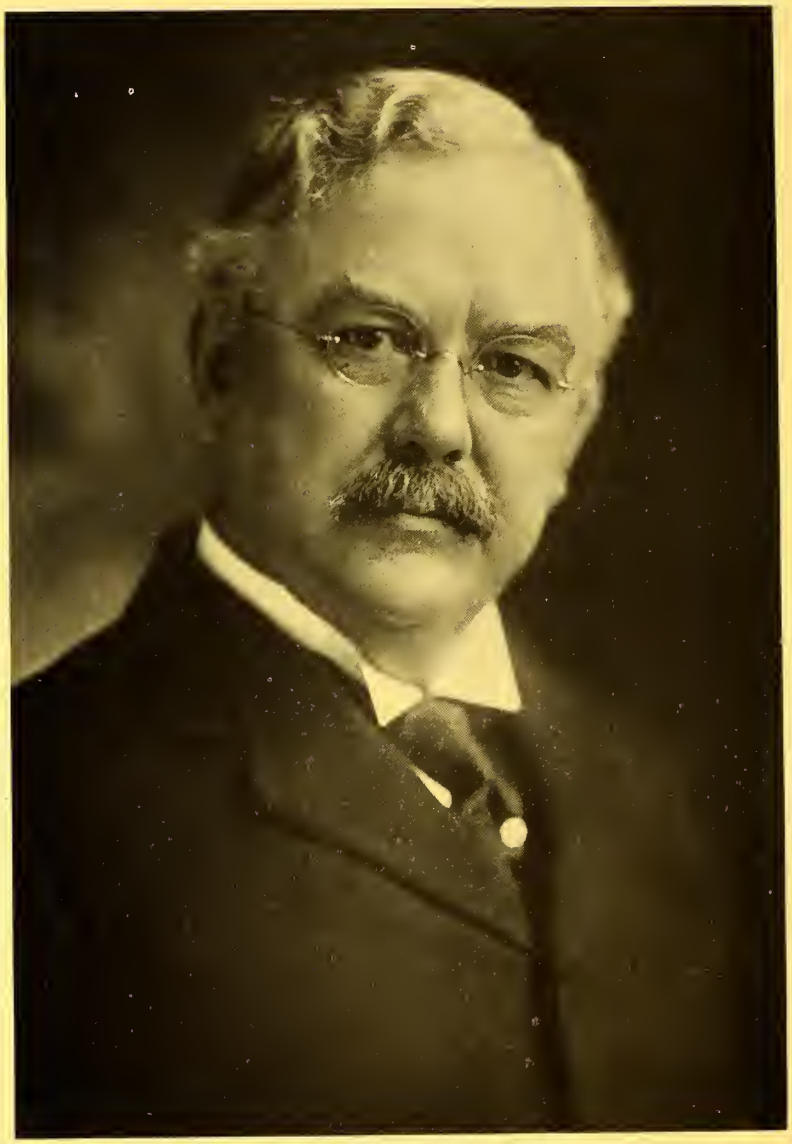
Environment

INSPIRATION is stimulated by beautiful environment. Beautiful surroundings instill beautiful thoughts and inspire great deeds.



The College



DR. LEWIS EDWARD HOLDEN
President of the James Millikin University

DR. LEWIS EDWARD HOLDEN

A FEW years ago the college president was essentially a scholar, noted for his knowledge of Greek and Hebrew and his ignorance of everything practical. The ultra modern president is essentially a business man, of the corporation president type rather than the "forgetful professor" type. In Dr. Holden we feel we have a rare combination of these two kinds of college president which is unusual. For Dr. Holden is a business man who knows business men and we need particularly at this time just such a man. We need to gain the prominence and the advertising which Dr. Holden through his wide business acquaintanceship can give to us.

On the other hand, his educational prominence and his acquaintance among leading educators is almost equally pronounced. His education, his election to Phi Beta Kappa and his experience as professor mark him unquestionably as a college man. And we know already from our brief acquaintance with him that he has a powerful personality in which we recognize a friend.

We as students recognize in him a man of unusual merit and we honor and respect him as a business man, as our college president, and as our friend.

THE BOARDS OF CONTROL

The Board of Trustees of the University

W. J. DARBY, President ..... Evansville, Indiana
C. E. GULLETT, Vice-President ..... Lincoln
H. E. STARKEY, Secretary ..... Lincoln
J. C. FISHER, Treasurer ..... Decatur

Illinois Synod

HON. L. B. STRINGER, 1920 ..... Lincoln
GEORGE B. SPITLER, 1920 ..... Mt. Zion
S. E. McCLELLAND, M.D., 1920 ..... Decatur
J. C. FISHER, M.D., 1921 ..... Decatur
F. E. BELL, M.D., 1921 ..... Mattoon
W. H. EVANS, 1921 ..... Lincoln
W. H. FENHALLEGON, D.D., 1922 ..... Decatur
C. E. GULLETT, 1922 ..... Lincoln
C. S. OGLEVEE, Ph.D., 1922 ..... Lincoln

Indiana Synod

W. J. DARBY, D.D., 1920 ..... Evansville, Indiana
A. G. BERGEN, D.D., 1921 ..... Springfield
HON. J. E. WILLIAMSON, 1922 ..... Evansville, Indiana

Iowa Synod

H. E. STARKEY, 1920 ..... Lincoln
A. M. KENNEY, 1921 ..... Decatur
R. L. VAN NICE, D.D., 1922 ..... Waukon, Iowa

The Board of Managers of the Decatur College and Industrial School

A. H. MILLS, President, 1922 ..... Decatur
G. A. STADLER, Vice-President, 1922 ..... Decatur
C. W. DYER, Secretary ..... Decatur
O. B. GORIN, Treasurer ..... Decatur
A. R. SCOTT, 1920 ..... Bethany
W. M. BERING, 1920 ..... Decatur
W. R. McGAUGHEY, 1920 ..... Mt. Zion
H. M. OWEN, 1921 ..... Decatur
J. S. McCLELLAND, 1921 ..... Decatur
J. R. HOLT, 1921 ..... Decatur
G. E. MOELLER, 1922 ..... Decatur

Ex-Officio Honorary and Consulting Members

The President of the University, the President and the Dean of Decatur College, the President of the Board of Trustees of the University, the Trustees of the University residing in Macon County and the Secretary and Treasurer of the Board of Managers.

"A GREATER MILLIKIN"

POSSIBLY it was because the average university had so many children under eighteen for which to claim exemption that the government decided that it would be useless to impose the income tax on the colleges of our country. Be that as it may, Millikin has the notion that it is time that she should impose an income tax all her own—a tax that will raise her from a college of scanty appropriations to one of sufficient appropriations to care for current expenses and for expansion. The original buildings were built by Mr. Millikin, the grounds having been given by him also. After all the initial expenses had been paid, there remained two hundred thousand dollars, representing the remaining money of Mr. Millikin and the money which the citizens of Decatur and the Cumberland Presbyterian church had raised for the endowment of Millikin. The interest from this endowment fund has been no more than enough for the annual current expenses. It was not of such size that part of the interest could be accumulated in a building fund which would provide for the necessary growth of the University. Aston Hall was built by Mr. Millikin before his death. The trustees of the estate built the Conservatory of Music and the Gymnasium soon after the death of Mr. Millikin. But at no time has Millikin been able independently to erect her own buildings. The fact has become increasingly apparent in the last few years that Millikin is in need of an endowment that will enable her not only to care for an increasingly large current expense, but also for additional buildings and equipment.

Responding to this feeling on the part of those interested in Millikin, the trustees of the estate offered six hundred thousand dollars toward a million dollar endowment, provided Millikin herself would raise the remaining four hundred thousand. In March, 1919, therefore, a committee of fifteen Decatur citizens were called together for the purpose of planning means to raise the needed four hundred thousand dollars. That committee appointed a sub-committee composed of J. S. McClelland, A. M Kenney and W. M. Wood. These three men, because of their business experience and more especially because of the successful manner in which they had conducted several financial drives during the war, were to take active charge of the Million Dollar Endowment Campaign. They hired experts to map out the campaign and to tabulate an immense number of names and facts. Then in April the actual work of raising the money started. No one outside Decatur was solicited, but every prospective Decatur contributor was listed with the amount which the committee thot that individual ought to give. The solicitation was carried on by teams of Decatur citizens, each being under a captain who directed its move-

ments. The work was for the most part discontinued during the months from August, 1919, to February, 1920. The campaign was resumed during the late winter, with the result that the spring of 1920 finds us only seventy-five thousand dollars from our goal, with the almost immediate prospect of securing that sum. In addition, as estimated one hundred thousand dollar subscription for the erection of a new library building has been secured provided the four hundred thousand is raised.

With over a million dollars endowment, Millikin may indeed look toward a larger development and expansion. Our present instructors may be better paid, and others may be attracted to Millikin. The buildings already built may be better equipped and maintained. The endowment will be of sufficient size to make possible the creation of a building fund that will permit the erection of additional buildings. But best of all, a second million is next on the program, to be used as follows: Five hundred thousand dollar increase in salaries; five hundred thousand dollars for much needed buildings—Science building, Library building, Chapel building, Men's dormitory, a new Women's dormitory, President's Home.

Convinced by the fact that the people of Decatur have contributed four hundred thousand dollars to Millikin, other large sources of endowment money may be expected to contribute heavily to Millikin's second million with the assurance that they are contributing to an institution which has the sincere backing of its community. And as we look toward a larger and greater Millikin, may we thank those men who made possible the creation and maintenance of Millikin, and who are now making possible her growth.

JOHN CHARLES HESSLER

Σ Ξ, Φ Β Κ, Φ L U

Dean of College

Professor of Chemistry

A. B. University of Chicago 1896; Ph. D. 1899.

LILLIAN MERRILL WALKER

Dean of Women

A. B. Oxford College.

CALVERT WELCH DYER

Κ Σ

Secretary and Auditor

A. B. Cumberland University 1900; Lockyear's Business College, Indiana, 1902.

LUCILE MARGARET BRAGG

Κ

Recorder

Instructor in Ancient Languages

A. B. James Millikin University 1909; A. M. 1910.

ALBERT TAYLOR MILLS

Professor of History

Kansas State Normal School 1893, 1896; A. B. University of Michigan 1899; A. M. 1908; University of Chicago 1899.

ISABELLA THOMPSON MACHAN

Professor of Greek and Latin

A. B. Wellesley College 1887; A. M. 1905.

JOHN CHARLES HESSLER

Σ Ξ, Φ Β Κ, Φ L U

Dean of College

Professor of Chemistry

A. B. University of Chicago 1896; Ph. D. 1899.

WALTER JOHN RISLEY

Δ T Δ

Professor of Mathematics

B. S. University of Michigan 1900; A. M. University of Illinois 1907; A. M. Harvard University 1908.

EUGENIA ALLIN

Φ Δ Ψ

Librarian and Professor of Library Science

B. L. S. University of Illinois 1903; Librarian and Professor of Library Science James Millikin University 1903-10; Organizer Illinois Library Extension Commission 1910-14; Librarian and Professor of Library Science James Millikin University 1914—.

ANSEL AUGUSTUS TYLER

Δ T, Φ B K, Σ Ξ

Professor of Biology

A. B. Lafayette College 1892; A. M. 1895; Ph. D. Columbia University 1897.

LUTHER BATEMAN HENDERSON

Professor of Philosophy and Head of the School of Education

New Jersey State Normal School 1902; B. S. New York University 1906; M. A., B. D. Yale University 1909; University of Goettingen, Markburg, and Berlin, Germany, 1909-11.

GRACE PATTEN CONANT

Φ B K, Π M Φ

Professor of English Language and Literature

A. B. Bates College; A. M. Cornell University 1897; Fellow 1898; Fellow University of Chicago 1899; Litt. D. Bates College 1914.

WILLIAM WILBERFORCE SMITH

Φ B K

Professor of Economics

Professor of Commerce and Finance

A. B. Lafayette College 1880; A. M. 1883; LL. D. 1905; Headmaster Englewood (N. J.) School for Boys 1885-95; Headmaster Berkeley School (N. Y.) 1904-05; President Coe College 1905-08.

ERICH W. ZIMMERMAN

Associate Professor of Commerce and Finance

Ph. D. Bonn; Berlin, Munich, Birmingham (England), Edinburgh (Scotland), New York University (New York).

ALEXANDER PEEBLES KELSO

Professor of Biblical History and Literature

A. B. Washington and Jefferson 1906; B. D. Western Theological Seminary 1910; Summer Semester, Leipzig, 1910-11; A. B. Oxford 1912; B. Sc. School of Litterae Humaniores, Research, 1913.

BONNIE R. BLACKBURN

K Δ Δ Δ

Professor of French

A. B. James Millikin University 1908; University of Chicago.

ARTHUR WALD

Professor of Modern Languages

A. B. Augustana College 1905; University of Upsala 1909-10; A. B. University of Nancy, Summer 1910; University of Gottingen 1910-11; University of Chicago 1916-18; Fellow 1917-18; Assistant in German, University of Chicago 1910; Ph. D. University of Chicago 1919.

FRED D. TOWNSLEY

Φ Δ Κ

Principal of the Academy and Professor of Physics

Indiana State Normal 1905; A. B. Wabash College 1911.

KATHERINE TAYLOR CRANOR

Professor of Household Arts

Columbia M. A. Diploma Academie de Europe, Paris, France.

WILLIAM BELLIS

Associate Professor of Mathematics

Ph. B. State Normal College, Ypsilanti, 1896; B. S. University of Chicago 1905; Graduate Work University of Chicago, Madison, Harvard and Cornell.

JESSIE LOCKETT

Π Β Φ

Professor of French

B. L. Smith College 1897; La Sorbonne, Paris, 1908-11.

ROBERT W. LAHR

Professor of Fine and Applied Arts

University of Chicago; Art Institute of Chicago.

CARL I. HEAD

Professor of Mechanical Engineering

B. S. in Mechanical Engineering, James Millikin University 1911.

SHERMAN DANIEL CHAMBERS

Associate Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering

B. S. 1904 Baldwin-Wallace College; C. E. Lehigh University 1918.

DAVIDA McCASLIN

Δ Δ Δ

Professor of Rhetoric

A. B. Coe College 1904; B. S. James Millikin University 1907; A. M. University of Minnesota 1912.

LORELL M. COLE

Professor of Manual Training

Stout Manual Training School for Teachers 1906; University of Virginia, Summer School for Teachers, Summers 1912 and 1913; Head of the Department of Farm Mechanics, Summers 1917-18, New York School of Agriculture, Summers 1917-18; Director in Industrial Training.

OLIVE M. YOUNG

K K Γ

Professor of Household Arts

Smith College 1900-02; A. B. University of Nebraska 1908; University of Chicago 1908—09; Columbia University, Teachers' College, Summer 1918-19.

NORMAN G. WANN

Β Φ Σ

Director of Physical Training for Men

Earlham College

MOLLIE GRUBEL

Director of Physical Training for Women

Chautauqua School of Physical Training 1907.

HENRY ALFRED BOHL

Instructor in Manual Training

Toledo Polytechnic Institute 1905-08; Evans Pattern Works, Portland, Oregon, 1911.

CHARLES E. LEE

T K E, K

Instructor in Rhetoric

A. B. James Millikin University 1917.

CHARLINE FENDER WOOD

Instructor in Rhetoric

A. B. Western College for Women 1905; University of Chicago, Summer of 1913; Columbia University, Summers of 1917-19, Second Semester of 1920.

CLYDE WILLIAM HART

T K E

Assistant Professor of Public Speaking

A. B. James Millikin University 1915.

FAYE LINTON FISHER

K, A X Ω

Instructor in Rhetoric

A. B. James Millikin University 1914; A. M. The University of Illinois 1915, University of Chicago 1919.

EMMA BATES ROBBINS

Α Χ Ω

Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts

B. of Design, H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College of Tulane University; Art Institute of Chicago, Summer School 1916; Chicago Academy of Fine Arts 1918.

WILLIAM C. CASEY

Τ Κ Ε

Instructor of History and Political Science

Illinois State Normal University 1909-11; A. B. James Millikin University 1916.

CHRISTINE SPENCER

Κ Α Θ

Instructor in Fine and Applied Arts

B. S. University of Missouri 1916; Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, Summer of 1917.

FERN KAUFMAN

Z T A

Instructor in Clothing

B. S. in Household Arts, The James Millikin University 1918.

LAURA DURKEE

Instructor in Commerce and Finance

LELAH BELL DAVIS

Π B Φ, Π M Θ

Instructor in French

A. B. James Millikin University 1914.

ESTHER L. McCREDIE

Instructor of Chemistry

A. B. Albion College 1918.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN HENDERSON

K

Instructor in Chemistry

A. B. James Millikin University 1914; University of Illinois Summer Session 1916; Instructor University of Illinois, Summer 1915.

ANNE STOCKTON MILLIGAN

K, Π Μ Θ

Instructor in Domestic Science

B. S. James Millikin University 1914.

ELSIE COLLIER

Σ Δ Ι

Instructor in Biology

Ph. B. University of Chicago 1915; M. A. Leland Stanford Jr., University 1919.

MARY BELLE PRICE

Π Β Φ

Assistant Librarian

A. B. James Millikin University 1917.

EVELYN A. BECKETT

Assistant in Chemistry

Missouri Wesleyan College 1915-17; Kansas State Agricultural College 1917-18; B. S. Missouri Wesleyan College 1919.

MARGUERITE A. SHAFER

Π Β Φ

Instructor in English

A. B. James Millikin University 1918.

LISLE REEVE BROWN

Κ Δ Χ

Assistant in Chemistry First Semester

A. B. James Millikin University 1917.

KATHARINA B. HILTI

Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry Second Semester

DAVID CAUSEY

Laboratory Assistant in Biology

MAX van LEWEN SWARTHOUT

Director of Millikin Conservatory of Music;
Professor of Violin Playing, Piano Playing, and Theoretical Branches.
Gottschalk Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois;
Balatka Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois;
Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1902-'05; Director of Oxford College of Music, Oxford, Ohio, 1905-'11; Director College of Music, Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1911-'14; Director Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1914—.

ADA EMILIE LINDSAY

Secretary of Millikin Conservatory of Music, A. B. The James Millikin University, 1905; Graduate work Columbia University, summer 1912; Secretary Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1905-'15; 1917—.

DONALD MALCOLM SWARTHOUT

Associate Director of Conservatory of Music;
Professor of Piano Playing, Pipe Organ Playing, Theoretical and Historical Branches.
Gottschalk Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois;
Balatka Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Illinois;
Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1902-'05; Private Study Isidor Philipp, Paris, France 1905-'06; Associate Director Oxford College, Oxford, Ohio, 1906-'10; Royal Conservatory of Music, Leipsic, Germany, 1910-'11 ("Pruefung" in Piano); Associate Director of College of Music, Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville, Ill., 1911-'14. Associatae Director Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1914—.

WILLIAM B. OLDS

Professor of Singing. A. B. Beloit College, 1898; Oberlin Conservatory 1895-1898-'99; American Conservatory 1899-1900; Private Study, Oscar Seagle, London, England, summer 1914 and Schroon Lake, N. Y., summer 1916, 1919. Teacher American Conservatory 1900; Grinnell School of Music 1900-'04; Illinois Conservatory of Music 1904-'06; Private Teacher Jacksonville, Illinois, 1906-'08; Professor of Singing, Millikin Conservatory of Music, 1908.

ROSE A. BORCH

Associate Professor of Singing.

Raff Conservatory, Frankfurt, Germany, 1898-1902; Private Voice Study with Julius Stockhausen, 1898-1902 and Jenny Hahn, 1903, Frankfurt, Germany; Chicago Musical College, 1916; Oscar Seagle, Schroon Lake, N. Y., 1917; Herbert Witherspoon, Chicago, 1918; Professor of Singing Millikin Conservatory of Music 1913—.

F. LLOYD HYDINGER

Associate Professor of Piano Playing;

Professor of History, Pedagogy, and the Dalcroze System of Eurythmics.

Private study with Rudolph Ganz, 1910-'12; Howard Wells 1916-'17; Eurythmics with Jacques Dalcroze at Dalcroze Musical Institute in Helleran, near Dresden, Germany, 1912-'13; Head of Piano Department, Albion, Michigan, 1913-'16; Teacher in Columbia School of Music, Chicago, 1916-'18; Professor of Piano Playing, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

MINER WALDEN GALLUP

Associate Professor of Piano Playing and Harmony.
Virgil Piano School, New York, 1902; Private Study, Albany, N. Y., 1905-06 with Dr. Percy J. Starnes; Berlin 1906-09 with Alberto Jonas and Vernon Spencer; Professor of Piano Playing, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1909—.

FREDARIEKA GREEN

Σ A I

Morrisonville. Graduate Diploma in Singing; Millikin Conservatory of Music; Certificate in Piano Playing 1912; Certificate in Public School Music 1912; Diploma in Singing as Soloist and Teacher 1916; Graduate Study 1917; Diploma in Piano Playing 1917; Private Study with Oscar Seagle, Schroon Lake, New York, Summer 1917; Director Girls' Glee Club 1917—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1915—.

FLORENCE BROWN

Σ A I

Instructor in Violin Playing.
Illinois College of Music, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1910; Private Study, Ludwig Becker, Chicago, 1914-15; Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Violin Playing, 1917; Teacher 1912-16; Diploma Violin Playing 1918; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

ESTHER REQUARTH

Σ A I

Director of Child Culture Department.
Art Study, Greenville, Ohio, 1907-11; Millikin Conservatory of Music 1913-14, 1916; Child Culture Teachers' Training Course, Graduate 1914; Advanced Study 1914, 1916, 1917; Director Child Culture Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1911—.

RUTH LUCILLE MUIR

Σ Λ Ι

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1915; Piano Teachers' Certificate 1915; Certificate in Harmony 1916; Diploma in Piano Playing 1918; Graduate Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Private Study with Percy Grainger, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1916—.

WILNA MOFFETT

Σ Λ Ι

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate of Piano Playing 1913; Diploma in Piano 1918; Graduate Study 1918; Graduate Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Diploma in Pipe Organ Playing 1919; Private Study with Percy Grainger, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

SYLVIA FISK

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1909; Teachers' Certificate 1911; Diploma in Piano Playing 1914; Graduate Study 1915-16, 1920; Private Study with Alexander Raab, Chicago Musical College, Summer 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1911—.

ELDON GEIGER

Instructor in Public School Music Methods
Oberlin Conservatory of Music 1913; Supervisor of Music in Public Schools, Middletown, 1914-18; Public School Music Department, Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

RUTH BROWN

Σ Λ Ι

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Quincy College of Music, Quincy, Illinois, 1910-13, 1914-16; Illinois Women's College, Jacksonville, Illinois, 1913-14; Scholarship Pupil in Piano in Millikin Conservatory 1916-17; Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Organ at Second Presbyterian Church 1916—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1918—.

IVA INGERSOLL WASSON

Instructor in Piano Playing and Upton Method of Keyboard Harmony.
A. B. James Millikin University 1912; Certificate in Piano Playing 1909; Certificate as Teacher 1911; Diploma Child Culture Teacher Training Course 1914; Certificate in Harmony 1916; Private Study E. M. Upton, Chicago, 1917; Graduate Study 1917-18, 1920; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1917—.

DORIS LEWMAN GILLESPIE

Instructor in Singing and Piano Playing.
Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1915; Piano Teachers' Certificate 1916; Certificate in Harmony 1916; Certificate in Public School Music 1917; Certificate in Singing 1917; Diploma in Singing 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1917—.

ROBERT WALTER

Instructor Band and Orchestral Wind Instruments.
Private Study, Erfurt, Germany; Private Instructor Band and Orchestral Wind Instruments, Decatur, Illinois, 1887—; Director Goodman Band, Decatur, Illinois, 1886—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1914—.

GRACE STARR

Σ A I

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Certificate as Soloist in Piano Playing Millikin Conservatory 1916; Certificate in Harmony 1917; Private Study with Alexander Raab 1917-19; Diploma Chicago Musical College 1918; Pipe Organ Study under Eric DeLamarter, Chicago, 1917-19; Organist at Congregational Church, 1920—; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1919—.

GLADYS MARGERY ORR

Σ A I

Instructor in Piano Playing.
Scholarship pupil in Piano Millikin Conservatory 1917-18; Certificate in Piano Playing 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1919—.

ESTHER SKOOG

Σ A E

Assistant Secretary

Springfield, Illinois.
Springfield High School. Studied Piano Tiffany School of Music, Springfield; Piano and Organ, Ethel Lynn Ross; Carol Robinson; Organist at Grace Lutheran Church, Springfield.

LOUISE WATSON HELMICK

Instructor in Singing.
Wesleyan College of Music 1908-13; Certificate in Voice and Theory 1911; Member of Faculty 1911-19; Cosmopolitan School of Music, Chicago, Certificate in Public School Methods 1912; American Conservatory of Music, Chicago, 1915-17; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1919—.

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY

President—Maxey Sugg
Vice-President—Hazel Porter
Secretary—Sibyl Kile
Treasurer—Halvor Leek
Student Council Representatives—
William Hayes, Sybil Gebhart

COMMITTEES

Chapel
- Mary Esther Parkinson
- William Hayes

Cap and Gown
- Forrest Wise
- Sybil Kile
- Julia Tilton

Play
- Evelyn Cole
- Marjorie Sanborn
- William Hayes

Invitation
- Marjorie Sanborn
- Geneva Gregory
- Dorothy Traver
- Howard Baldwin
- Forrest Wise

Social
- Catherine Milligan
- Mary Long
- Geneva Gregory

Class Day
- Hazel Porter
- Geneva Gregory
- Preston McClelland
- Catherine Milligan
- Mary Esther Parkinson

Senior Luncheon
- Beulah Kniple
- Dorothy Traver
- Mildred Brown

Homecoming
- Jennie Long
- William Hayes
- Miriam Curdling
- Julia Tilton
- Catherine Milligan

Memorial
- Halvor Leek
- Henry Curry
- Preston McClelland
- Erna Lohrmann
- Violet Mattes

Senior Committee Room
- Forrest Wise
- Violet Mattes

Senior Reception
- Margaret Browne
- Mildred Brown
- Dorothy Sanborn

Cut Day
- Carl Cross
- Jenny Long
- Mary Zua Hazzard

Athletics
- Forrest Wise
- Howard Baldwin
- Carl Cross

MAXEY M. SUGG

T K E

B. S. in Manual Arts Education. Kinmundy, Illinois. Mt. Vernon High School.

Class BaBsket Ball 1916-17; Manual Training Club 1915-16; Orlandian Literary Society 1915-16; Business Manager Men's Glee Club 1917-18; J. M. U. Batallion 1917-18; Business Manager Decaturian 1918; Member Student Council 1919-20; President Senior Class 1919-20.

HAZEL L. PORTER

Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. DeLand, Illinois. Champaign High School.

Vice-President Senior Class; Chairman Class Day Committee.

SIBYL KILE

Δ Δ Δ, Π M Θ

A. B. Argenta, Illinois. Argenta High School.

Vice-President Philomathean Society 1916-17; Secretary Senior Class; Chairman of Cap and Gown Committee.

WILLIAM FOSTER HAYES

T K E

A. B. Owensboro, Kentucky. Owensboro High School.
Dramatic Art Club plays; Decaturian Staff 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20; Millidek Board 1918-19; Intra-Mural Athletics three years; Football Squad 1917-18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1918-19; Delegate to Lake Geneva Conference 1917-18; Vice-President Y. M. C. A. 1919-20; Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest 1917-18; Winner Brown Debate 1918; Tri-Collegiate Debate three years; Glee Club four years, President 1918-19; President Junior Class 1918-19; Student Council two years, President 1919-20; Senior Class Play.
Honor Student.

SYBIL EMILY GEBHART

Π M Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. James Millikin Academy 1916.
Freshman Cap Committee; Sophomore Parade; Junior Tea; Senior Picture Fund; Current Topics Club; Archery; Girls' Basket Ball 1919-20; Student Council 1919-20.

MARY WEBER

B. S. in Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Y. W. C. A.; Home Economics Club.

CAMILLA KATHRYN MARCUSEN

Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Petersburg, Illinois. Petersburg High School.
Member of Y. W. C. A. 1917-19; Spanish Club 1919; French Club 1917.

VIOLET MATTES

Z T A, Π M Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Spanish Club 1916-17; Orlandian Literary Society 1916; Senior Room Committee; Senior Memorial Committee.

CAMILLA SARAH LAWS

Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Donnellson, Illinois. Coffeen High School. Illinois College, Jacksonville, Illinois.
Art Club 1917-18; Camp Fire 1917-18; Spanish Club 1917-18; Household Arts Club, President 1919-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet; Senior Luncheon Committee.

MARJORIE LUCILE SANBORN

Α Χ Ω, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Orlandian 1917; Deutche Verein 1917; Art Club 1917; Vice-President of Art Club 1918; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Committee Freshman-Sophomore Scrap 1917-18; Committee Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest 1917; Class Vice-President 1918; Assistant Athletic Manager 1918; Manager Girls' Athletics 1919; Girls' Athletic Board 1920; Decaturian Staff 1919-20; Editor-in-Chief Millidek 1919; Senior Invitation Committee 1920; Senior Play Committee 1920; Chairman of Commencement 1920.

CARL MARX CROSS

Κ D Χ

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Harristown, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Glee Club 1918-19, 1919-20.

ANNE-MARIE BAUDRY

Π Μ Θ

A. B. Paris, France. Cours Boutet de Monvel, Paris. St. Bernard's Convent, Slough, England 1911. University of Paris, Sorbonne 1916-19.
Baccalaureat en lettres et philosophie.
Dramatic Art Club; Decaturian Staff 1919-20.

MARGARET EMILY BROWNE

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. in Literary Science. Carbondale, Illinois. Carbondale University High School; Southern Illinois State Normal University, Carbondale, Illinois, Class of 1915.
Girls' Glee Club 1918-19; Camp Fire; Cercle Francais; Chairman Senior Reception Committee; Senior Class Play.

JOHN HALVOR LEEK

Τ Κ Ε, Κ

A. B. Pittsfield, Illinois. Batavia High School 1913.
Sophomore Debate Team 1916-17; Editor Decaturian 1917-18; President Spanish Club 1917-18; Treasurer Senior Class; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1916-17, 1917-18.

MARY ERMA ASH

Π Μ Θ

A. B. Harristown, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Treasurer Y. W. C. A. 1918-19, 1919-20; Millidek Board 1918-19; Philomathean 1916-17; Art Club 1916-17; French Club 1918-19.

BEULAH VIRGINIA KNIPLE

Z T A, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Domestic Economy Club 1916-17-18; Secretary 1918; Spanish Club 1918; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1919-20; Chairman Social Service Committee; Household Arts Club 1920; Chairman Senior Luncheon Committee; Vice-President of Pi Mu Theta.

JENNY McKINLEY LONG

Δ X Ω, Π M Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Millidek Board 1919; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1918-19-20; Undergraduate Field Representative 1920; Dramatic Art Club 1917-18-19; Orlandian Literary Society 1917; Women's Athletic Association 1920; Treasurer Red Cross 1918-19; Decaturian Staff 1918-19.

JULIA TILTON

Δ Δ Δ, Π M Θ

A .B. Fairmount, Illinois. Fairmount High School. Rockford College, Rockford, Illinois 1916-17.
Current Topics Club, Secretary 1917-18; Cercle Francais 1917-18; Dramatic Art Club 1917-18; Junior Social Committee 1917-18; Millidek Board 1918-19; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Y. W. C. A., President 1919-20; Student Council, Vice-President 1919-20; Cap and Gown Committee 1919-20; Senior Class Play.
Honor Student.

MARY FINN

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Sacred Heart Academy, Springfield, Illinois.
Philomathean Literary Society 1916-17; Cercle Francais 1916-17; Winner Freshman-Sophomore Prepared Reading Contest 1917; Chairman Committee Junior-Senior Banquet; Pan-Hellenic 1918-19; Vice-President French Circle 1918-19.
Honor Student.

SEA FONG LEE

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Hong Kong, China.
Thesis, "The Commerce between the U. S. and China, its History, Organization, and Significance." Berkeley and San Rafael High Schools, California; Mount Tamalpais Military Academy; University of the Pacific 1916-17; University of California, summer session 1917; University of Illinois 1917-18; University of Chicago summer session 1919; Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament 1919.

LOUISE EMILE HENRIETTE MOUSSIEGT

Π Μ Θ

A. B. Tarbes, France. College de jeunes filles de Tarbes; King's High School for Girls 1914, Warwick, England; University of Paris, Sorbonne, 1915. Certificat secondaire.

RUTH OSMANSON

Λ X Ω, Π M Θ

A. B. Morris, Illinois. Morris High School.
Current Topic Club 1916-17; Camp Fire 1916-17; Secretary Camp Fire 1917-18; Current Topic Club 1917-18; Religious Education Committee; Y. W. C. A. 1917-18; Secretary Y. W. C. A. 1918-19; Millidek Board 1918-19; President Camp Fire 1918-19; Dramatic Art Club Play 1918-19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1919-20; Pi Mu Theta Social Chairman 1919-20.

JAMES A. HAMILTON

A. B. L. J. S. Boys' School, Jerusalem, Palestine 1910; Teacher (Ibid) 1910-14; McCormick Theological Seminary, Chicago, Illinois 1914-17 (B. D. Degree pending); Cercle Francaise, Conseil d' Administration 1918-19; Delegate Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, 1919-20; Students' Extension Committee 1919-20.

MARY ESTHER PARKINSON

Δ Δ Δ, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Centralia, Illinois. Centralia High School.
Editor Decaturian 1918-19, 1919-20; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, Chairman Meetings Committee 1918-19; Vice-President Y. W. C. A. 1919-20; Chairman Membership Committee Y. W. C. A.; Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament 1917-18, 1918-19; Championship of Woman's Interclass Tennis Tournament 1917-18, 1918-19; Vice-President Astronomy Club 1919-20; Student Council 1918-19, 1919-20; Chairman Faculty Relation Committee 1919-20; Senior Chapel Committee 1919-20; Millidek Board 1918-19; Calendar Editor; Secretary-Treasurer Science Club 1917-18; Secretary Domestic Economy Club 1916-17; Secretary Sophomore Class 1917-18; Vice-President Philomathean Literary Society 1917-18; Chairman Program Committee; President Current Topics Club 1917-18; President Camp Fire 1917-18; Vice-President Red Cross 1917.
Honor Student.

MARY E. LONG

Δ Δ Δ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Indianapolis, Indiana. Decatur High School.
Philomathean Literary Society 1916; Current Events Club 1916; Y. W. C. A. Committee 1917-18; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet (Social Chairman) 1918-19, 1919-20; Millidek Board 1918-19; Senior Social Committee; Pi Mu Theta Social Committee; President of Aston Hall House Committee.

JAMES HOWARD BALDWIN

Σ Α Ε

A. B. Whitehall, Illinois. Denver, Colo., High School; Whitehall High School; Ohio Military Institute; Blackburn College 1915-16, 1916-17.
Senior Program Committee. Senior Class Play.

CATHERINE W. MILLIGAN

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ, Κ

A. B. Spencer, Indiana. Spencer High School. Western College, Oxford, Ohio 1916-17.
Spanish Club 1917-18, 1918-19; French Club 1918-19; Dramatic Art Club, Secretary, 1918-19; Millidek Board 1918-19; Basket Ball 1918-19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1919-20; Dramatic Art Club 1919-20; Chairman Social Committee.
High Honor Student.

MIRIAM CURDLING

Z T Λ, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Albion, Illinois. Albion High School.
Y. W. C. A.; Domestic Economy Club; Camp Fire; Secretary of Domestic Economy Club 2nd Semester 1916-17; Secretary of Pi Mu Theta 1st Semester 1919-20; Luncheon Committee 1st Semester 1919-20.

DOROTHY SANBORN

Π M Θ

B. S. in Fine and Applied Arts. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Secretary Art Club 1917-18; President Art Club 1918-19; Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 1917-18.

GENEVA GREGORY

Λ X Ω, Π M Θ, K

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Editor Decaturian, 1918-19; Co-Editor Decaturian 1919-20; Millidek Board 1918-19; Dramatic Art Club 1918-19; Art Club 1916-17; Intercollegiate Debate Team 1918-19; Y. W. C. A.; Major Committees 1917-18, 1918-19, 1919-20; Senior Class Social Committee 1919-20.

DOROTHY TRAVER

Π Β Φ, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School. Fairmount Seminary, Washington, D. C. 1916.
Dramatic Art Club.

FORREST GEORGE WISE

Τ Κ Ε

A. B. Macon, Illinois. Macon High School. James Millikin University Academy.
Orlandian Literary Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1915-16.

EVELYN COLE

Δ Χ Ω, Π Μ Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Committee for Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest 1914; Winner Essay Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest 1916; Intercollegiate Debate 1919; Secretary-Treasurer Illinois Intercollegiate Oratorical Association 1919; Chairman Senior Play Committee 1920; Decaturian Staff 1919-20; Millidek Staff 1919; Dramatic Art Club 1919; Orlandian Literary Society 1916; Deutcher Verein 1914; Ex-Post Facto 1916; Assistant to English Dept. 1916-19; Pan-Hellenic Banquet 1919; Senior Class Play.

HENRY BURRAGE CURRY

Σ A E

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Beason Illinois. Beason High School; Millikin Academy; Lincoln College Academy; Senior Class Play.

MARY ZUA HAZZARD

Π M Θ

B. S. in Music. Ridgefarm, Illinois. Danville High School.
Philomathean Literary Society 1916-17; Camp Fire 1917-18; Girls' Glee Club 1917-18; French Club 1917-18; Secretary-Treasurer of Camp Fire 1918-19; Treasurer of Girls' Glee Club; Decaturian Staff; Millidek Board; Student Council 1919-20; Certificate in Piano Playing; Vice-President of Girls' Glee Club 1919-20; President of Pi Mu Theta.

PRESTON H. McCLELLAND

K D X

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
President Freshman Class; Treasurer Sophomore Class; Glee Club 1917-18-19-20, President 1918; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet 1918-19-20; Freshman-Sophomore Scrap 1916-17; President Y. M. C. A. 1919; Student Council 1917, 1919, President 1919; Dramatic Art Club 1917-18-19, Treasurer 1918; Base Ball 1918; Basket Ball 1919; Athletic Board 1919-20, Secretary 1920; Millidek Board 1919; Homecoming Parade 1916; Endowment Parade 1919; Cheer Leader 1919-20; Lake Geneva Conference 1918; Freshman-Sophomore Forensic Contest 1917.

MILDRED BROWN

A X Ω, Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Harristown, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Domestic Economy Club 1918-19; Orlandian Literary Society 1916-17; Cercle Francais 1916-17; Girls' Glee Club, Treasurer 1917-18, Vice-President 1918-19; Y. W. C. A.; Honor Student.

TRESSIE ADELE BONHAM

Π M Θ

B. S. in Household Arts. Cliftonville, Miss. Carlinville High School. Blackburn College 1916-17-18.
Member of Y. W. C. A.

ERNA LOHRMANN

Π M Θ

A. B. Decatur, Illinois. Decatur High School.
Current Topics Club, 1916-17; Pan Hellenic Banquet 1916-17; Freshman-Sophomore Contest Committee 1917-18; Debate Freshman-Sophomore Contest 1917-18; Millidek Board 1918-19; Decaturian Staff 1918-19; Girls' Basket Ball Treasurer 1918-19; Class Secretary 1918-19; Decaturian Staff 1919-20; Pi Mu Theta Treasurer 1919-20; Glee Club 1919-20; Basket Ball 1919-20.

BERNICE L. BRENNEMAN

Z T A

B. S. in Commerce and Finance. Beason, Illinois. Beason High School.
Secretary of Domestic Economy Club 1918-19.

HELEN GENE CANTRALL

Z T A

Athens. Diploma as soloist in Piano Playing; Graduate Millikin Academy 1918; Sherwood Conservatory, Chicago, 1917; Teachers' Certificate Sherwood 1917; Certificate as Soloist in Piano Playing 1919; Certificate in Public School Music 1919; Girls' Glee Club 1918-19; Certificate as Soloist in Singing 1920; Certificate in Harmony 1920.

MARY KEITH

Decatur. Diploma as Soloist in Piano Playing; Certificate in Piano Playing as Soloist 1918; Certificate in Harmony 1919; Girls' Glee Club 1917-20; Accompanist Girls' Glee Club 1919-20;

GLADYS MARGERY ORR

Σ A I

Enfield. Diploma as Soloist in Piano Playing and Pipe Organ; Scholarship Pupil in Millikin Conservatory 1917-18; Certificate in Piano Playing 1919; Accompanist Girls' Glee Club 1917-19; Instructor Millikin Conservatory 1919-20; Certificate in Harmony 1920.

FREDARIEKA GREEN

Σ A I

Professor of Ear Training and Instructor in Singing.
Millikin Conservatory of Music, Certificate in Piano Playing 1912; Certificate in Public School Music 1912; Diploma in Singing 1916; Graduate Study 1917; Diploma in Piano Playing 1917; Private Study, Oscar Seagle, Schroon Lake, N. Y. 1917; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1915.

WILNA MOFFETT

Σ A I

Decatur. Graduate Diploma in Pipe Organ; Certificate in Piano Playing 1913; Diploma as Soloist and Teacher in Piano Playing 1918; Post Graduate Study 1918; Private Teaching Decatur 1916-18; Diploma in Pipe Organ Playing 1919; Graduate Diploma in Piano Playing 1919; Instructor Millikin Conservatory of Music 1918—.

IN MEMORIAM

CLAUDE WISE

He was your friend—and mine; and in the warmth and generosity, the constancy and catholicity of his friendship, he typified that spirit of democracy which, we feel, characterizes Millikin at her best. A hard worker, a never-say-die scrapper, whether in a football game, or in any task which confronted him, he was one who got things done, difficulties and obstacles notwithstanding.

Millikin has profited by his athletic prowess; she has benefitted by his ability in various college activities; but more than all, she has profited by the presence of the man himself.

A college training is generally regarded as merely a means to an end; Providence has decreed that his college experience should be an end in itself; and as such, we, his fellow-students, bear witness that it has been eminently worth while.

CLAUDE WISE

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-ONE

President—Leo Johnson
Vice-President—Irene Corzine
Secretary—Katherine Hilti
Treasurer—Floyd Brenner
Student Council Representatives—
John MacWherter, Sara Dobson

Class Colors—Orange and blue

COMMITTEES

Endowment Fund
Lucile Hull
Leonard Shurtz
Jewell Harris
Floyd Brenner

Portrait
Ronald Graham
Leo Johnson
Charlotte Proctor

Class Party
Esther Finley
Evelyn Scott
Floyd Brenner
Charlotte Proctor
Mildred Wiley

JUNIOR CLASS

Bartlett, Miriam Jane
Bales, Helen Louise
Brenner, Floyd
Burns, Gladys Elizabeth
Causey, David
Cogdal, Joseph
Conkey, Frances I.
Coonrad, Helen Lee
Corzine, Irene Isabel
Cummins, Carlton Carlyle
Cunningham, Cecile Fern
Curry, Dean George
Delahunty, Mary
Dobson, Sara
Dunn, Frances E. Esther
Dunscomb, George Baker
Eads, John Temble
Finley, Esther Louise
Fritz, William Lawrence
Gepford, Sidney H.
Goltra, Ina
Goltra, Ralph
Graham, Ronald Clifton
Hass, Chester Ralph
Hall, Edwina Mildred
Hamilton, Lawrence Arthur
Hamman, Phillis
Harris, Jewell Elizabeth
Hilti, Katharine B.
Holland, Lena Belle
Hull, Lucile
Jackson, Howard
Johnson, Leo T.
Jones, Clella Lorne
Kuny, Frances
Lichtenberger, Helen
McClure, Bess
McCown, Forest Roy
McRoberts, Mary Messerly
Machan, Helen Whitman
MacWherter, John Evans
MacWherter, William Kile
Madden, Karl Edward
Mattes, Adeline
Peebles, Martha Ellen
Pigott, Lee D.
Proctor, Charlotte Dorcas
Roberts, Benjamin Earle
Sablotna, William Henry
Sampson, Harold
Scott, Evelyn Claire
Shelah, Adele
Shirey, E. Lucile
Shoppa, Jetta Lucile
Shurtz, Richard Leonard
Smith, Don William
Smith, Jesse Irwin
Smith, Marian Ruth
Spence, Eber Moran
Wait, Marian Ainsworth
Wiley, Harriet Mildred
Wilson, Roe Elliott

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-TWO

President—John Birks
Vice-President—Lucile Brown
Secretary—John Lytle
Treasurer—Clarke Logan
Student Council Representatives—
Helen Gorham, Wayne Gill

Class Colors—Silver and old rose

COMMITTEES

Class Party

Louise Vent
Charles Mills
Florence Chapin

Sophomore Tea

Hazel Perry
Mercedes Siedler
Maxine Sanborn

Sophomore Parade

Glen Ash
Florence I. Chapin
Lucile Brown

Millidek

John Lytle
William Cramer

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Adkins, Roy
Albert, Ruth
Alhime, Frances Pratt
Ash, Glenn
Ash, Martha Caroline
Ashurst, Lyra Esther
Babb, Florence Helena
Barnett, Winifred Camille
Barracks, Robert A.
Beard, Franklin Zugelmerer
Bethel, Donald M.
Birks, Jenna Ruth
Birks, John Gouge
Blacket, Francis Edward
Bohon, Lynn
Bolds, Elden Edsley
Bradway, James Carl
Brown, Lucile
Buckles, Orville
Cargill, Albert L.
Chapin, Florence I.
Chenoweth, Frances
Clayton, Vera Inez
Collins, Helen May
Connard, Lucile Gladys
Costello, Mildred
Cottle, Guy Hill
Cramer, William Lantz
Cressey, Paul Goalby
Crocker, Joan P.
Crowder, Herbert
Culver, Florence
Davis, Charlotte Virginia
Diehl, Orval W.
Dohm, Marie Elizabeth
Duncan, Kenneth
Engleman, Lois Eleanor
Evans, Beulah Campbell
Eversole, Edgar Bennett
Fields, Eva May
Flesher, Norma
Freeman, Frances
Games, Loy A.
Gilbert, Harold D.
Gill, Russel Wayne
Giller, Ruth
Godwin, Mildred
Gorham, Helen Louise
Conover, Mary Louise
Greider, Lucile Kathryn
Halley, Edward
Hamilton, Lawrence Arthur
Harper, Gladys
Hazzard, Georgia Carolyne
Hoewing, Homer Milton
Holmes, Paul James
Hoots, Helen K.
Hornback, Robert Hellstern
Houghton, Mariam Elvira
Humphrey, James Wainwright
Johnston, Jessie
Joynt, J. Roscoe
Kessinger, Oren Charles
Kile, Wilma B.
Kline, Kathryn Alice
Knudson, Percy M.
Lee, Mariam
Logan, Clark Thomas
Lukey, Albert Seymour
Lytle, John E.
McCarthy, William Francis
McConnell, James Holton
McDonald, Everett
Malone, Dayle G.
Manning, Herbert Lawrence
Mayes, Harris Irving
Metcalf, Dean S.
Miller, Elizabeth
Miller, Lois May
Miller, Ralph Waldo
Mills, Anna Mary
Mills, Charles Wilson
Myers, Irene May
Nelson, Marie Elizabeth
Newman, Iva Stewart
Niebergall, Anna
Niebergall, Edna Jane
Owen, Leo Earl
Peers, Frank Bohnemeyer

SOPHOMORE CLASS---*Continued*

Perry, Hazel Bernice
Pfeffer, Edward
Phillis, Gladys LaVon
Pierce, Clarence B.
Ping, Donald Wilson
Pollock, Ethel Jeannie
Pratt, Roger Wilbur
Proctor, George
Randall, Leta Faye
Reaich, Esther
Remington, Eugene Herbert
Robinson, Donald Eugene
Sager, James Donald
Sanborn, Maxine Marie
Sanders, Robert Dewey
Schlimme, Walter
Schock, Katherine
Schafer, Maurita Clare
Sharon, Leontine
Sharpe, Helen
Sheen, Herbert Arnold
Shimer, George H.
Step, Francis Eugene
Siedler, Mercedes
Smith, Vinita
Stone, Alice Mae
Sugg, Mrs. Harriet
Swanson, Franklin Leroy
Torman, F. Bernice
Townsley, Kathryn Irene
Tucker, Ruth Emma
Vent, Louise
Verner, Everett
Wait, Evelyn
Ward, Russel S.
Whaley, George Wilmer
White, James A.
Whitfield, Charles S.
Whitsett, Leroy
Williams, Helen Elizabeth
Wiswell, Muriel Winter
Wright, Frances E.
Young, Randolph

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-THREE

President—Charles Deetz
Vice-President—Dorothy Davis
Secretary—Buryl F. Engleman
Treasurer—Erwin Hurtt
Sergeants-at-Arms—Carroll Griswold, Leslie Shaw
Student Council Representative—Helen Jones

Class Colors—Green and white

Class Yell Leader—Dwight Anderson

COMMITTEES

Endowment Fund
J. Harold Henry, Chairman
John Hayes
Dorothy Davis

Sophomore Scrap
Leslie Shaw, Chairman
Virginia Baldwin
Carroll Griswold

Yell
Dwight Anderson, Chairman
Vernelle March
Robert Caldwell

Color
Helen Chestnut, Chairman
Herbert Crowder
Carroll Griswold
Mary Chapin
Mary Shepherd

Class Party
Dorothy Davis
General Chairman

Entertainment
Josephine Simcox
Helen Jones
Eldon Knauff

Decorations
Robert Wait
Virginia Baldwin
Helen Parkinson

Refreshments
Vivienne Vent
Florence Curry
Helen Coffey
Leslie Shaw
Richard Mount

Homecoming
Eldon Knauff, Chairman
Helen Alice Robinson
Consuelo Cummins

FRESHMAN CLASS

Adams, Dwayne M.
Adams, Florence Sylvia
Adkins, Ruth
Albert, Ruth Ellen
Allen, Robert Hammond
Anderson, Dwight Wilson
Anderson, Oscar F.
Armstrong, Lewis I.
Aucut, Lawrence Edgar
Bailey, Paul Arthur
Bailey, Claude Charles
Bailey, Dorothy Genevieve
Baird, Keith
Baldwin, Mary Virginia
Barbee, Duncan Joseph
Barth, Anna
Barth, Howard Wilbur
Batman, Dorothy
Bieckman, Gertrude T.
Biggs, Esther Margaret
Birkett, Anna Mae
Bjurstrom, Mildred Louise
Blythe, Telva Ruth
Bolen, Keith H.
Bonifield, Alice
Boone, Ethel
Born, Wilbur Leo
Bradley, Lois Cora
Brooks, Goldie Mae
Brown, Leo Nelson
Brown, Norma Frances
Bryce, Hubert Arthur
Burres, Joseph R.
Caldwell, Robert Burr
Cassele, Ward
Champion, Mary Emily
Chandler, James Willard
Chapin, Mary Ada
Chasey, Frank Taylor
Chestnut, Helen
Christison, Edna Florence
Claxon, Lucile
Cline, Paul Vernon
Coffey, Helen
Colbrook, Velma Ruth
Colby, Lewis
Conel, Eila Emilie
Conklin, Delmar
Cooper, Martha
Corzine, Edna
Costella, Virginia Faye
Cotner, Cora Lucille
Craw, Bess Chambers
Crooke, Edith
Cummins, Consuelo Elizabeth
Curry, Florence L.
Davis, Rhoda Brooks
Day, Eunice Marion
Dearth, Ruth F.
Deetz, Charles
Deetz, Thelma Arlene
Delaney, Ebert Miles
Delassus, Wilma
Dickey, Mary
Dieterich, Dewitt
Dunne, Aimee
Dowling, Richard
Eddy, James
Edwards, Keith L.
Engleman, Buryl Frederick
Engleman, Edward Ulen
Elwood, Daniel
Fawcett, Orville Emmett
Fear, Dorothea Florence
Felix, Eleanor
Finley, Venice Eudora
Fockler, Florence
Fortman, Chrystal
Fry, E. Roger
Fulton, Blanche Bernice
Galloway, Truman
Genre, Raymond Alvin
Gerdes, Irma Charlotte Margaret
Goerges, Edwin
Gordon, Ethel
Gordon, Helen Louise
Gordon, Mary Ethel
Griswold, John Carroll
Guest, George Bunn
Haler, Herman Baker
Hansmeyer, Mabel Inez
Harper, Helen Ruth
Harper, Marguerite
Harper, Mary Alice
Harris, Leola Ruth
Hayes, Dale
Hayes, Helen Ambie
Hays, John

Hays, Elva
Henry, John Harold
Herman, Rhodes
Herron, Edna R.
Hicks, Ralph E.
Highfill, Imogene
Hokamp, Delia Ann
Holmes, George Stuart
Holmes, Paul James
Hostetler, Myrtle Dawson
Humphrey, Mary Janet
Hunt, Harlan A.
Hurtt, J. Erwin
Hutchison, Helen
Irwin, Mary Morton
Jeffries, Wilma Roy
Johnson, Harold Artemis
Jones, Helen
Kaiser, Harry
Kelley, Loris Irene
Keener, Raymond
Kiick, Bernice
Kilbride, Florence Isabelle
Kilbride, Henriette Estelle
Kilgore, James
Knauff, Eldon P.
Lamb, Riley H.
Lamblin, Nellie Gillett
Lantz, Hazel Margaret
Lindsay, Edward E.
Linville, Mildred Bessie
Long, Robert Oran
Lovering, Clara Belle
Lucas, Lillian R.
McCreery, Carrie
McDonald, Helen Gates
McIntyre, Margaret Ellen
McRill, Maurice Shannon
Madden, George Bouman
Maloney, Lucy
March, Vernelle R.
Marsh, Cloris
Martin, Myron W.
Means, Joseph Dewey
Middleton, Margaret
Miller, Frank B.
Mills, Frederick Eugene Jr.
Milmine, Mabel Clare
Mitchell, Mary Gertrude
Moffett, Lloyd
Moore, Edith
Moore, Mitchel
Mooris, Keith P.
Morrison, Joyce Eta
Morrow, Neva Sara
Mount, Richard
Murray, Clarence
Neher, Galene
O'Hara, George Howard
Parkinson, Helen Grace
Payson, Gilbert Trowbridge
Pfeffer, Edward
Pfeffer, Herman Victor
Phares, Nora Belle
Porter, Cleo Margaret
Porter, Harold
Poskover, Max
Randall, Frieda Lenore
Randol, Robert Troy
Reeves, William Russell
Regan, Helen May
Reid, Robert Eugene
Reynolds, Robert Egel
Roberts, Lee
Robinson, Helen Alice
Rockwell, Phyllis Ruth
Rodger, John P.
Ross, Richard Charles
Ryan, Helen E.
Sanders, Elizabeth Gladys
Schnapp, Della Sue
Schroll, Leitha Marjorie
Schroll, Lester J.
Schumacher, Mary Kilgone
Scott, Anna
Scott, Modesta Louise
Sharkey, William Brady
Shaw, Elmer Marwin
Shaw, Leslie
Shaw, Marshall J.
Shepherd, Mary
Shephard, Richard Fred
Sherman, Fred Lee
Shrader, Mildred Jeanette
Shuey, Pauline
Shuman, Ruth Henrietta
Simcox, Josephine
Smith, Byron D.
Smith, Elsie Lucile
Sollers, Eugene Jackson

Sparks, Louise
Stein, Elizabeth
Sternberg, Edwin Herbert
Stinson, Mary Edward
Stone, Alpha Mildred
Stone, Ruth Ella
Swantz, Mary Louise
Taylor, John Tinnon
Thomas, Faye N.
Thompson, Elizabeth Vida
Thompson, Phares G.
Trost, Lois
Vent, Vivienne Victoria
Verner, Beatrice
Wait, Robert A.
Walters, Richard
Walters, Ruth Lucile
Ward, Clifton A.
Warren, Irene
Watkins, Geraldine J.
Weigand, Howard
Wells, Bernice Olivia
Whitfield, Laura Myrtle
Whitfield, Zachie B. Jr.
Wilkey, Millard Charles Jr.
Williams, Corrinne Ferne
Wilmeth, James Freeman
Wilson, M. Lorraine
Wilson, Ona Verne

ASTON HALL

NURSE MAID

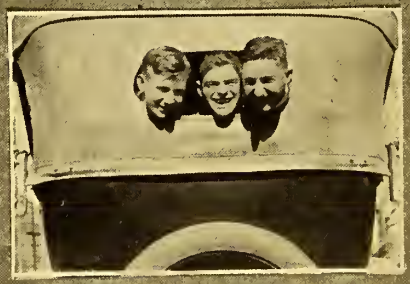
HASH

TRUCK DRIVERS

K.M.

WAITING

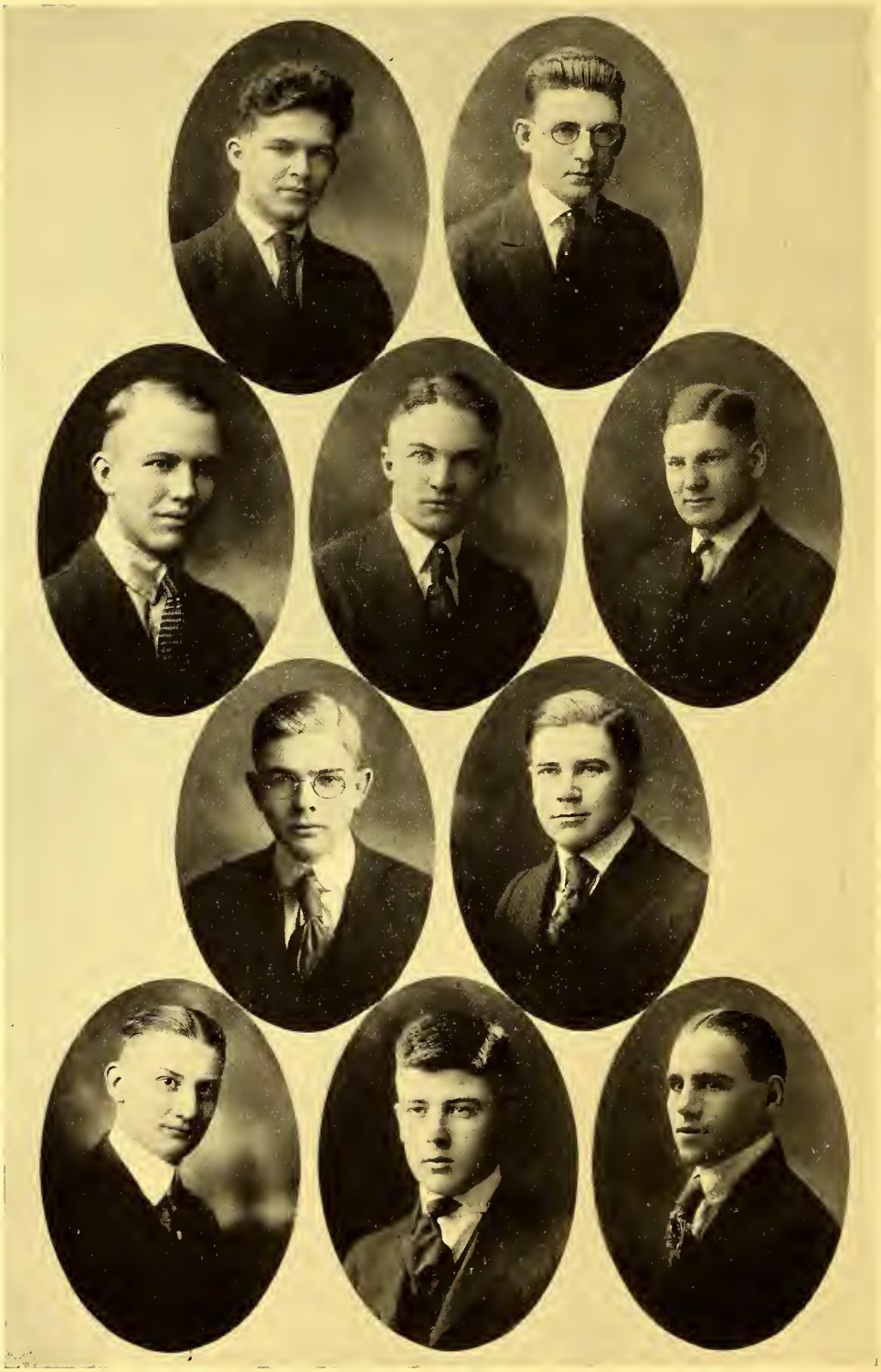
MUSIC TEACHER



TRAVELERS

SLINGERS

Organizations



Y. M. C. A.

President—Lawrence Fritz
Vice President—William Hayes
Secretary—Hubert Manning
Treasurer—Clarke Logan

COMMITTEES

Music
Preston McClelland

Social
Leo Johnson
Eber Spence

Church Co-operation
Ronald Graham
Roger Pratt

Program
Charles Mills
William Hayes

Membership
Hubert Manning

Finance
Clarke Logan

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

President—Julia Tilton
Vice-President—Mary Esther Parkinson
Secretary—Adeline Mattes
Treasurer—Irma Ash

Social Chairman	Mary Long
Religious Education Chairman	Phillis Hamman
Meetings Chairman	Catherine Milligan
Social Service Chairman	Beulah Kniple
Student Volunteer Chairman	Esther Finley
Finance Chairman	Camilla Laws
Freshman Commission Chairman	Ruth Osmanson
Publicity Chairman	Frances Wright
Annual Member	Jenny Long
Adviser	Miss Olive Young

MEN'S GLEE CLUB

President—J. Leland Rubottom
Vice-President—Don W. Smith
Business Manager—Earle Roberts
Secretary—R. Leonard Shurtz
Treasurer—Chester R. Haas
Accompanist—Earl Judy
Director— W. B. Olds

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Ronald Graham
Homer Hoewing
Arthur Lobenstein
Karl Madden
Paul E. McKee
Keith Morris
Jack Rubottom

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Lewis Colby
Emil Cooper

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Ivan Hays
Hubert Manning
Preston McClelland
Byron Smith
R. Leonard Shurtz
Forrest Wise
Carl Cross
William Hayes
Lloyd Moffet
Don Robinson

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Glen Ash
John Birks
Floyd Brenner
Carlton Cummins
Charles Lee
Earle Roberts
Don Sager
Irwin Smith

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Librarian—Ebba Lundberg
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Mildred Brown
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Florence Curry
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Mae Chittum
Fern Fisher
Frances Fockler
Margaret Grimsley
Mariam Houghton
Mary Harper
Zua Hazzard
Mary Keith
Alene Lindsay
Ebba Lundberg
Erna Lohrman
Elizabeth Moffett
Neva Morrow
Zora Miller
Jewell Orr
Grace Record
Helen Sharpe
Ruth Shuman
Modesta Scott
Bernice Taylor
Fay Thomas
Evelyn Wait
Mabel Wacaser
Stella Phillips
Imogene Manion
Maurita Shafer
Ruth Rogers
Della Schnapp
Emma Gage
Blanche Ramer

HOUSEHOLD ARTS CLUB

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Secretary-Treasurer—Frances Conkey

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Miss Milligan
Miss Cranor
Miss Kauffman
Esther Biggs
Norma Brown
Mildred Bjurstrom
Mary Champion
Joan Crocker
Edith Crooke
Florence Curry
Wilma Delassus
Sara Dobson
Marie Dohm
Etta Irene Grimes
Ethel Gordon
Gladys Harper
Imogene Highfill
Lena Belle Holland
Delia Hokamp
Veta Holterman
Florence Kilbride
Henriette Kilbride
Helen Lovingfoss
Irene Meyers
Carrie McCreery
Anna Mary Mills
Edna Niebergall
Helen Perkinson
Ethel Pollock
Cleo Porter
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Ruth Stone
Mary Schumacher
Evelyn Scott
Ruth Tucker

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers

President—William Hayes
Vice President—Julia Tilton
Secretary—Leo Johnson
Treasurer—Wayne Gill

Members

Maxey Sugg, Senior class president
Sybil Gebhart, Senior class representative
William Hayes, Senior class representative
Mary Parkinson, Decaturian representative
Julia Tilton, Y. W. C. A. representative
Zua Hazzard, Conservatory representative
Leo Johnson, Junior class representative
Sara Dobson, Junior class representative
John MacWherter, Junior class representative
Lawrence Fritz, Y. M. C. A. representative
John Birks, Sophomore class president
Helen Gorham, Sophomore class representative
Wayne Gill, Sophomore class representative
Charles Deetz, Freshman class representative
Helen Jones, Freshman class representative
Welby Abrams, Academy representative

STANDING COMMITTEES

Intra Mural Athletics

Leo Johnson, chairman
Charles Deetz
Louise Bales

Literary

Maxey Sugg, chairman
Sybil Gebhart
John MacWherter

Music and Demonstration—

Zua Hazzard
Helen Gorham
Welby Abrams

Improvements and Finance—

Wayne Gill
Julia Tilton
John Birks

DECATURIAN STAFF

Mary Esther Parkinson, Geneva Gregory } Editors

Claude Wise—Business Manager

The Staff

William F. Hayes
Evelyn Cole
Lawrence Fritz
Zua Hazzard
Maurita Shafer
Clarke Logan
Charles Mills
Erna Lohrman
Francis Blacet
Lois Engleman
Harold Sampson
Anne Marie Baudry
Robert Barracks
Marjorie Sanborn
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Literary
Adele Shelah

Social
Marian Wait

Conservatory
Evelyn Wait
Esther Long

Calendar
Helen Lichtenberger
Floyd Brenner

Camera
David Causey

Joke
Phillis Hamman
Carlton Cummins

Athletics
Katherine Hilti
George Dunscomb

THE ASTRONOMY CLUB

OFFICERS

President, Francis Blacet
Vice-President, Mary E. Parkinson
Secretary, Marie Dohm

The Astronomy Club was organized in the fall for the purpose of a general study of astronomy. Meetings were held every two weeks on Monday evenings. At each meeting a talk was given by one of the members of the club, covering some phase of the subject and this was usually followed by a general discussion. Several observation trips were made—some to the University Tower and others to Mr. Henderson's home where observations were made thru the telescope.

MEMBERS

Dr. J. C. Hessler
Dr. A. A. Tyler
Prof. W. F. Henderson
Francis Blacet
David Causey
Paul Cline
Marie Dohm
Zua Hazzard
Katherine Hilti
Robert Hornback
Helen Jones
Hubert Manning
Marie Nelson
Leo Owen
Helen Parkinson
Mary E. Parkinson
Earle Roberts
Katherine Shock
J. Irwin Smith
Edwin Sternberg
Francis Stepp
Rayne Tyler

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Mildred Wiley, President
Martha Ellen Peebles, Secretary
Violet Mattes, Treasurer

Representatives

Alpha Chi Omega
Lucile Greider
Mildred Wiley

Delta Delta Delta
Julia Tilton
Martha Ellen Peebles

Pi Beta Phi
Phillis Hamman
Mary Finn

Zeta Tau Alpha
Violet Mattes
Louise Vent

PI MU THETA

Mary Zua Hazzard, President
Erna Lohrmann, Treasurer
Camilla Laws, Secretary

Tressie Bonham
Catherine Milligan
Julia Tilton
Geneva Gregory
Marjorie Sanborn
Ruth Osmanson
Margaret Browne
Mildred Brown
Erma Ash
Mary Zua Hazzard
Jenny McKinley Long
Erna Lohrmann
Miriam Curdling
Beulah Kniple
Mary Long
Mary Esther Parkinson
Camilla Marcusen
Evelyn Cole
Sibyl Kile
Mary Finn
Camilla Laws
Hazel Porter
Anne Marie Baudry
Violet Mattes
Henriette Moussiegt
Sybil Gebhart
Dr. Grace Patton Conant
Eugenia Allin, Faculty Adviser

KAPPA DELTA CHI

Established April 23, 1904

Colors—Orange and blue Flower—Pink Carnation

Faculty Adviser, Professor F. D. Townsley

Alumni Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Mattes
Mr. and Mrs. Horace McDavid
Mr. and Mrs. Forrest File
Mr. and Mrs. Paul B. Lyon
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill Colby

SENIORS

Preston McClelland
Carl M. Cross
Kile MacWherter

JUNIORS

Lawrence Hamilton
Chester Haas
Randolph Young
Wayne Gill
John MacWherter
Floyd Brenner
Franklin Beard
Charles Whitfield
Roy Adkins

SOPHOMORES

James Humphrey
Clarke Logan
Harris Mayes
Donald Ping
Hubert Manning
William Cramer

FRESHMAN

Charles Deetz
John Rogers
Buryl Engleman
Edward Lindsay
Harold Henry
Eldon Knauff
Carroll Griswold
Lee Roberts
Edward Engleman
Harlan Hunt
Frederick Mills
Lawrence Aucutt

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

Colors—Purple and gold Flower—Violet

Faculty Adviser, Professor Robert A. Lahr

Founded at University of Alabama

March 9, 1856

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Van Deventer
Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Haines
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Osgood

SENIORS

Howard Baldwin
Henry Curry

JUNIORS

Robert Barracks
Dean Curry
Guy Cottle
Forest McCown
Don Smith
Karl Madden
Leo Johnson
Leonard Shurtz
William McCarthy

SOPHOMORES

Herbert Crowder
George Madden
Edward Pfeffer
Franklin Swanson
Everett McDonald
Loy Games
Ralph Miller
Russell Ward

FRESHMEN

Ward Cassell
Frank Chasey
Howard O'Hara
Herman Pfeffer
Leo Brown
Richard Shephard
Dwight Anderson
Zachie B. Whitfield, Jr.

TAU KAPPA EPSILON

Founded Illinois Wesleyan, 1899

Beta Chapter installed April 17, 1909

Faculty Adviser—Professor W. J. Risley

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Max vanLewen Swarthout
Mr. and Mrs. Chester Ezekiel Jenny
Mr. and Mrs. William Benjamin Olds

BROTHERS IN THE FACULTY

Clyde W. Hart
William C. Casey
Charles E. Lee

SENIORS

*Claude Wise
Maxey Sugg
William Hayes
J. Halvor Leek
Forest Wise

JUNIORS

Lawrence Fritz
Ronald Graham
Elliott Wilson
Irwin Smith
Earle Roberts
Harold Sampson
Kenneth Duncan
Eber Spence
Ralph Goltra
Everett Verner

*Deceased

SOPHOMORES

John Birks
Clarence Pierce
Robert Hornback
Donald Robinson
Orville Diehl
Dayle Malone
John Lytle
Francis Blacet
Frank Peers

FRESHMEN

John Hays
Leslie Shaw
Gilbert Payson
Erwin Hurtt
Roscoe Joynt
Harold Johnson
Elmer Shaw
Lester Schroll

PI BETA PHI

Illinois Eta established March 29, 1912
Colors—Wine and silver blue Flower—Wine carnation
Faculty Adviser—Dr. W. W. Smith

Patronesses

Mrs. Charles G. Powers
Miss Nita Clark
Mrs. C. A. Gille
Miss Maria Buckingham
Mrs. Elizabeth Wells
Mrs. Robert Mueller
Mrs. W. H. Shellabarger
Mrs. F. M. Anderson

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Mrs. J. C. Hessler
Mrs. W. W. Smith
Dr. Grace Patton Conant

Sisters in the Faculty

Lelah Bell Davis
Marguerite Shafer
Jessie Lockett

Seniors

Dorothy Traver
Margaret Browne
Catherine Milligan
Mary Finn
Elizabeth Miller
Lois Engleman
Frances Chenoweth
Esther Reaich
Marian Houghton

Juniors

Phillis Hamman
Helen Lichtenberger
Frances Kuny
Bess McClure
Jewell Harris
Mary McRoberts
Marian Wait
Lucile Hull

Sophomores

Maurita Shafer
Kathryn Kline

Freshmen

Virginia Baldwin
Helen Alice Robinson
Leontine Sharon
Helen Hayes
Vivienne Vent
Helen McDonald
Helen Jones

Pledges

Blanche Fulton
Venice Finley
Vida Thompson

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Delta Epsilon established May 25, 1912

Colors—Silver and blue Flower—Pansy

Patrons and Patronesses

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Moore
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Osgood
Dr. Grace Patton Conant
Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Miller
Mrs. Harriet Amsden
Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Paisley
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Holt
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McClelland

Faculty Adviser—Professor Luther B. Henderson

Sisters in the Faculty

Bonnie Blackburn Davida McCaslin

SENIORS

Julia Tilton
Sybil Kile
Mary Esther Parkinson
Mary Long

JUNIORS

Edwina Hall
Ruth Smith
Frances Conkey
Charlotte Proctor
Adele Shelah
Evelyn Claire Scott
Martha Ellen Peebles
Helen Coonrod

SOPHOMORES

Lucile Brown
Mildred Godwin
Helen Gorham
Norma Flesher
Anna Mary Mills
Lois Miller
Miriam Lee

FRESHMEN

Helen Chesnut
Ruth Dearth
Mary Dickey
Bernice Kiick
Edna Corzine
Nellie Lamblin
Florence Curry
Josephine Simcox

ZETA TAU ALPHA

Tau Chapter established 1912

Colors—Blue and white Flower—White violet

Faculty Adviser—Eugenia Allin

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cruikshank
Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Prentice
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Baldwin
Mrs. E. A. Gastman
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Ahrens
Mr. and Mrs. John Robinson

SENIORS

Violet Mattes
Beulah Kniple
Miriam Curdling
Bernice Brenneman
Helen Gene Cantrall

JUNIORS

Frances Dunn
Adeline Mattes
Irene Corzine
Lucile Shirey
Harriet Price

SOPHOMORES

Louise Vent
Vinita Smith
Muriel Wiswell
Frances Wright
Helen Hoots
Katherine Shock
Mary Frances Conover
Claire Milmine
Mercedes Siedler
Hazel Perry
Vera Clayton

FRESHMEN

Helen Coffey
Elizabeth Stein
Dorothea Fear
Frances Fockler
Ruth Blythe

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

Founded at DePauw University 1885
Colors—Scarlet and olive green

Flower—Red carnation

Upsilon Province installed May 9, 1913
Faculty Adviser—Professor Arthur Wald

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mueller
Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Irwing
Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Evans
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Van Orman
Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Cruikshank
Miss Ada Lindsay

Faculty Sisters

Emma Bates Robbins Fay Fisher

SENIORS

Mildred Brown
Jenny Long
Evelyn Cole
Ruth Osmanson
Geneva Gregory
Marjorie Sanborn

JUNIORS

Miriam Jane Bartlett
Jessie Johnston
Helen Machan
Mildred Wiley

SOPHOMORES

Lyra Ashurst
Charlotte Davis
Camille Barnett
Lucile Grieder

FRESHMEN

Dorothy Davis
Henriette Kilbride
Galene Neher
Helen Regan
Thelma Deetz
Florence Kilbride
Nora Phares
Helen Sharp
Janet Humphrey
Margaret McIntyre
Helen Parkinson

PLEDGES

Mary Louise Sparks
Lois Trost
Ferne Williams

SIGMA ALPHA IOTA

Founded June 12, 1903
Nu Chapter established May 15, 1917

Colors—Crimson and white Flower—Red rose

Faculty Adviser—Donald M. Swarthout

Patrons and Patronesses

Mr. and Mrs. M. vL. Swarthout
Mr. and Mrs. Donald M. Swarthout
Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Olds
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lahr
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Powers

Sisters in Faculty

Fredareika Green
Florence Brown
Ruth Browne
Ruth Muir
Wilna Moffett
Grace Starr

Post Graduates

Fredareika Green
Wilna Moffett

Graduates

Gladys Orr

Chapter Honorary Member

Esther Requarth

ACTIVES

Florence Brown
Wilna Moffett
Ruth Brown
Evelyn Wait
Blanche Ramer
Ruth Brodman
Fredarieka Green
Ruth Muir
Adele Condon
Gladys Orr
Esther Long
Bernice Brennen
Esther Skoog

PLEDGES

Millicent Kemmerer
Virginia Rexroat
Grace Record
Margaret Grimsley
Elizabeth Moffett

Literary

THE KAPPA SOCIETY

Officers

President—Charles Lee
Vice-President—Anne Milligan
Secretary—Bonnie Blackburn
Treasurer—Irene Handlin Duerr

The Kappa Society is an organization composed of graduates from James Millikin University who have completed at least two years of their college course here, and have attained an average grade of 92 per cent.

At the beginning of the senior year, silver keys are presented to those who have made a high honor average for the first three years and at graduation it is replaced by a gold key if the average is maintained throughout the senior year. Those of the Senior class who have received silver keys are:

Erna Lohrmann
Catherine Warren Milligan
Geneva Gregory
John Halvor Leek

MEMBERS

1907

Jessie L. Ferguson
Irene Handlin Duerr
Jessie Lichtenberger

1908

Bonnie Blackburn

1909

Lucile Margaret Bragg
H. Gary Hudson
Alice Dempsey Hamilton
Benjamin G. Lehenbauer
Ruth Stevens Rothacher

1910

Flora Ross

1911

Viola M. Bell
Mary E. Carroll
Alice P. Henderson
Ellis H. Hudson

1912

Edgar H. Allen
Lois A. Browne
Jesse L. Conel
Lottie B. Cook
Corrine Painter Holcomb
Roger Young
Fern Parr Wilkin

1913

Esther Lou Bergen
Laura Kriege Lewis
Jessie Ayres
Effie Morgan
Mary Prestey
Maude Yarnell Burchell

1914

Faye Fisher
William F. Henderson
Loren H. King
Anne Milligan
Sophia M. Drobisch

1915

*Ivra Shaw Gray
Martha McIntosh
Ruth Lewman

1916

Leah Fullenwider
Mary Esther Kassebaum Smashy
Louise Bradford Dillavou

1917

Margaret Honeywell Miller
Charles Lee
Elinor Mills

1918

Henrietta Graybill
Margaret Cloyd

1919

Gertrude Guller Mace
Elizabeth Knight

*Deceased

THE TRI-COLLEGIATE DEBATING CONTEST

The affirmative debating team of the James Millikin University, and the negative debating team of Eureka College debated in the auditorium of the James Millikin University March 19, 1920. The topic of debate was "Resolved that Industrial Disputes should be submitted to a Federal Board for Arbitration." The Millikin debaters were defeated by the Eureka team, and Millikin's negative team who represented at Wesleyan were defeated by the Wesleyan affirmative team.

The debaters on the affirmative team were Miss Lois Engleman, Mr. John Birks and Mr. William Hayes; those on the negative team were Mr. Eber Spencer, Mr. Homer Hoewing and Mr. Orville Buckles.

The Brownback Story Contest

The annual Brownback story contest was won by Miss Ruth McKinney, a member of the Sophomore class. Miss McKinney has shown considerable talent in writing; her stories always rank among the best. In the Freshman-Sophomore Literary Contest, her essay won first place for the Sophomores.

Two contestants tied for second place, Geneva Gregory, and Miriam Herron. Honorable mention was given to the story written by Violet Bean.

The judges in the contest were Mrs. J. C. Hessler, the Reverend Elisha Safford, and Miss Leah Fullenwider.

THE BROWN DEBATE

The 1920 Brown Debate was won by Floyd Brenner. The winner of this contest receives a prize of $25 which is offered each year by Dr. E. J. Brown of Decatur. The topic discussed was the Reform of the Illinois State Tax Law. The four participants discussed the different phases of the subject. Floyd Brenner showed the deficiencies of the present system. Orville Buckles talked on the specific problem of local revenue, while Forest Wise discussed state revenue, and Everett Pool disposed various other problems for tax revision. The entire debate was held in a unique and unusual way.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE CONTEST

MAY 20, 1919

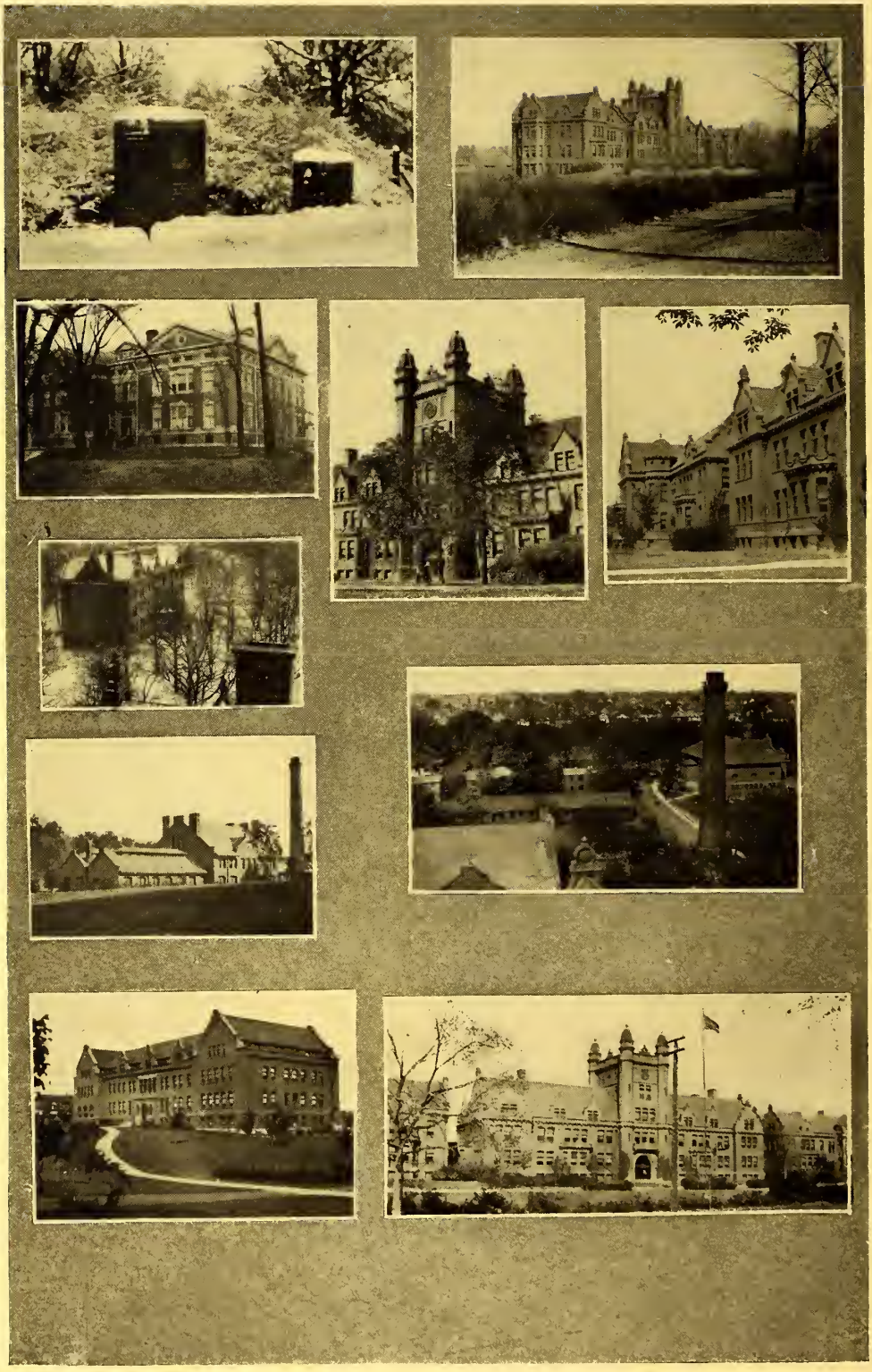
For the second time during the history of the literary contests between the Sophomores and Freshmen, the Sophomores won.

The chief event of the evening was a debate. The topic for the debate was, "All insurance should be owned and controlled by the Government exclusively." Miss Wiley and Mr. Beard represented the Sophomores, and Mr. Banton and Mr. Buckles represented the Freshmen. The Sophomores won by a vote of thirteen to twelve.

The learned reading contest was won by Adele Shelah, a Sophomore. The Freshman representative was Lucile Greider. The essay was won for the Sophomores by Ruth McKinney.

The Freshmen won the effective speaking event, Charles Mills defeating Chester Haas. The Freshman stunt, put on by Clarke Logan and Robert Hornback, won three points for the Freshmen.

The Sophomores won three out of five events, giving them nine points to the Freshmen's six.



Pauses By the Way

ROUGHAGE

Charles Mills

ALL OF US who are not old, lazy or too large in the waist line need a ration that consists of twenty-eight hundred calories per day. To eat twenty-nine hundred calories means that you place yourself at the mercy of all or Dr. Miles' liver and stomach pills. Chronic rheumatism will result, which means the constant application of St. Jacob's oil. To refuse to partake of vitamines is suicidal, for white mice shrivel up and pass away when fed on food that contains none of this vital substance. Any child who refuses to eat the lettuce that forms the basis for his salad, deserves to be spanked, for lettuce leaves contain minerals, and minerals are essential to bone building. It is a foregone conclusion, then, that the child that does not eat lettuce will be a spineless individual. Again, we must partake liberally of roughage. Scientists point to the fact that an open oats bin means foundered horses, while horses may eat clear under a straw stack and emerge on the other side without experiencing stomach remorse. So we are compelled to eat whole dishfuls of carrots in order to get the same number of calories that one piece of cheese would have given us—all for the sake of the roughage. Such is the theory, but not the practice, of the Balanced Ration.

Just as our system should consume twenty-eight hundred calories of food per day, so should we as individuals consume a definite number of helpful experiences. And in choosing the experiences to which we wish to subject ourselves, we must include the proper number of vitamines, mineral salts, and roughages along with the ordinary starch. Our ration of experiences must be a carefully balanced one.

We who are in college are inclined, however, to omit one element of the balanced ration of experiences. We do not get enough roughage of the proper kind. We need more straw. We are prone to feed up on the sweets of life. Most young people get enough vitamines. We go to enough parties, shows, and general "good times". We do not lack in the things that prevent college from becoming one dreary monotonous routine. Neither do we lack in mineral salts. Most of us make sure that we consume enough of the heavier minerals to insure an educated mind brimful of desirable and useful ideas and facts. But we do not get enough roughage. In every school, from the primary thru the college, we are put in an environment that is at best, artificial. The college is by its very nature artificial. Its purpose is to shut the student away from certain distracting features characteristic of the outside world in order that the student may be better able to educate himself. And in this motive the college, or any school, is justified. But the danger lies in our tendency to forget completely the necessity for sympathy with the problems of the outside world

in our intense interest in our own limited college sphere. The college cannot fulfill its mission of turning out broadminded citizens if interest in college dances stifles their interest in the welfare of the garment workers who produced their sixty dollar suit of clothes. Neither can the Economics professor teach the necessity of a living wage unless in the outside world we permit ourselves to see the disaster that the lack of that living wage has caused. The best of English instructors cannot teach us to write short stories about homes of poverty unless we gain at first hand a sympathy with the home that knows what failure to secure daily employment means. Beneath the polish that college should give us, we need a homespun basis. And to build and maintain this homespun basis we need roughage.

I once undertook to devour some roughage. Moreover, it was a kind of roughage that I had never attempted to consume before. I had spent the summer previous in a country community populated entirely by Germans of recent importation, and had enjoyed myself. I had experienced the joys of beginning with the first table and eating clear thru the second table, finally finishing with the cooks. I had soon found out the exact method to follow in attempting to become so friendly with the German girls preparing the meals that they would let me slip in the back door and safely gain a seat at the first table before the other fellows were admitted at the front door. But the roughage I decided to consume last fall while the quarantine was in effect was of a different kind. I decided to spread around a bit in the city, and learn the difference between working among smokestacks and working among cornstalks. I began my career the first day of quarantine by calling up the Federal Employment Bureau, and inquiring as to the possibility of securing work. I was informed that two men were wanted to dig and make a foundation for a small soap factory in the east end of town. This sounded like a clean job, so I secured a partner, and left for the scene of contemplated labor. We found the president of the soap company standing on the corner with his shabby brown coat whipping about his legs in the cool early morning breeze, looking for all the world like he had just dropped off a freight from Cairo on the nearby railroad. He gave us the once over as all great executives are prone to do, and since we saw that we were supposed to be impressed by his dignity, we attempted to wear the proper amount of humility for the soap king. He escorted us down an alley, and we finally came to an open space back of a dreary looking flat, which was to be the site of the soap factory. Our executive took us into his confidence, telling us the plans and specifications for the structure. After this exchange of formalities, we got to work. The earth on which the historic building was to be erected was not earth at all. It was cinders—plain, unadulterated cinders, tramped down by

generations of children's feet that had come down the rickety stairways from the apartments above to their dirty cinder play-yard . It took a good healthy twelve-pound pick even to scratch the surface of the cinders thru which the foundation of the building had to be dug. But after two days of scratching, and the loss of religious sentiments, the trench for the foundation was finished. Then came the compounding of a delicate mixture known as concrete. This art was originally founded by the Spaniards during the time of the Inquisition to force rash Protestants to reconsider their views. I reconsidered several things while I mixed concrete. All its heathenish attributes exist to the present day—short stubby shovels that necessitate jack-knife positions, along with a specific gravity of 2856 for the mixture itself. Our only hope of salvation from complete destruction in those days of concrete mixing was the hydrant to which we had to go to get water. It usually took about ten minutes to fill two buckets of water, which was probably due to low water pressure. Altho every noon we perched on top a pile of lumber and devoured fifteen cents worth of crackers and a glass of jelly, we found we had a pang of hunger by the middle of every afternoon. We overcame this unauthorized feeling by becoming extremely agreeable with the son of the groceryman who had his store next door. We found that by a few sweet words and caresses we stood a fairly good chance of getting some candy or cookies when we needed them most. But despite the low water pressure and the time necessary to be friendly with the groceryman's boy, the concrete work was gradually finished. On the fifth night we betook ourselves homeward, seemingly leaving part of our back mixed up in the concrete, but with our checks in our pockets. The soap factory will probably grow into the greatest institution of its kind outside of Chicago, and we will have pride in having laid so firm a basis for its later growth.

After spending Sunday in a devout fashion, not because of an over-supply of religion, but because of an over-supply of feeling in my spinal column, I sought new chances for backache. I noticed in Sunday's paper that teamsters were wanted to load coke on cars. At five o'clock on Monday morning, then, I was awakened from my concrete dreams by the gentle remindings of my faithful alarm clock. At five-thirty I had arrived at the stables in the southeast part of town. A fellow that looked as tho he had lived several days before prohibition went into effect, emerged from his combined office and bedroom, and assigned me a team. He assured me that they were perfectly safe horses, for which I thanked him. I fed them the prescribed amount, brushed them thoroly, and then harnessed those two perfectly safe spirits. After loafing around until they had their feed eaten, I finally succeeded in getting them to the watering trough, and from there to a

big yellow coke wagon. While I was hitching them up, they fell into another sound night's sleep. Eyes closed, lower lips hanging down, and balancing themselves on two unsteady feet, they did indeed look like a pair of perfectly safe horses. But by a liberal use of my vocabulary and the ends of the lines, I got them out on the street and headed toward the gas works. Whether they went or stood still was all one to them, and nearly so to me. For calmness, for meekness, for sublime indifference, those two animals would take the medal. They never allowed themselves to be disturbed by outside influences, always flopping along, unmoved by word or blow. I almost despaired of ever reaching our destination—or rather my destination, for the horses had none. But just a few minutes before seven, we crept slowly thru the gates, around the big gas tank, and up to the coke pile. Driving up under the spout of the machine which cleaned the coke and elevated it to the wagon, I awaited the blowing of the seven o'clock whistle, confident that when the machine did start that the horses would not even cock their ears. The atmosphere was delightful, for the dust of the coke competed with the smell of the gas not only to make you sick outside and in, but to paint you black inside and out, as well. When the wagon was at last full, the horses obliged me by consenting to pull the load to the Illinois Central tracks where a coal car was waiting to receive its load of coke. Because there was no decent place for a respectable horse to lie down and go to sleep, I succeeded in getting my load alongside the coal car. There, with his blue-clad legs hanging over the side of the car and with his hands busy fumbling his scoop shovel, was my assistant. He was a negro, all the rollicking good cheer of that race being expressed in his low whistling as he eyed me on my approach. I must have passed inspection, for he spoke a cheery enough good morning in response to my greeting. As we shoveled away at the coke, we discussed all the subjects that must be disposed of before friends newly acquainted with each other may become intimate. He remarked that it was an unusually fine morning. I responded with the original thot that the fall had been an unusually dry one. Our talking was of value in one respect, for as he started to air his views on a topic, he would put his shovel to the floor, and gradually straighten up from the bent position of shovelling. Naturally, in order to put my gems of thot on a par with his, I also had to stop shovelling in order to put my views in a statesmanlike manner. We soon found, moreover, that we could hear better what the other fellow had to say if we ceased shoveling until our conversation had died out. Soon, however, he found it necessary to stop his work in order to watch every man or automobile that chanced to go by on the nearby street. But I could not quite argue myself into not working at least part of the time. The more he attempted to work, the more he seemed to think that his chief mission

in life was to observe and not to labor. The result was that I had my end of the wagon cleaned up when his end was but half empty. After shovelling out my end of the wagon, I took no particular delight in helping him clean up his. But I gave him a hand, and soon had an empty wagon. I eventually arrived at the coke screener, despite my horses, and stood in line ready to receive another load. Again I breathed gas and ate coke dust. But finally my wagon was once more filled, and my trusty steeds peacefully wended their way in the general direction of the car. As my colored man helped me unload the wagon the second time, we broached the subject of the war, but since we seemed to have identical opinions on all possible phases of the war, the conversation died for lack of competitive ideas. But despite our lack of conversation, my friend took frequent spells of ample length to stretch his back and survey the surrounding landscape. Try as I might, I could not succeed in wasting as much time in such a beautifully innocent fashion as he could. I envied his rest, but I appeared awkward in my attempted vacations, and decided I would rather work than appear unproficient in such an elementary art as soldiering. I noticed that he commenced to eye me with a growing concern as he noticed that I was working halfway steadily. Again I had to clean out his end of the wagon after I had finished mine. When I had returned and secured my third load and was again unloading it, my so-called assistant took more vacations than ever, always leaning cross-legged over the end of his shovel. But this time he stood and looked searchingly at me, as tho there was some deep mystery about me that was his mission in life to solve. As I appeared on the scene with my fourth and fifth loads, our conversation became exceedingly sparse. As I plugged away, I was conscious of the fact that in between his occasional shovel-fuls he was viewing me with an attitude that was a mixture of alarm and disgust. Amused by this, I proceeded to put on a very industrious air, and shoveled as tho I actually might be expecting to earn my pay. The silence became oppressive; his amazement at so bold an upstart became more intense. When I had received my sixth load, the five-till-twelve whistles were blowing, at last corroborating my appetite, which had been trying to convince me that it was dinner time ever since nine-thirty. But there was no convenient place to unhitch in the coke yard; so I decided to haul the load over alongside the car before unhitching. As I came into view, my colored friend was just finishing helping to shovel off the load of the preceding wagon. Evidently he was already having contortions of expectancy in his stomach, for the instant he saw me, the dinner smile came off his face, and he assumed a most peculiar expression. For a moment it could be plainly seen that he was angry—unreservedly so. Then he finally assumed an air of downright pity for all mortal fools, his wide-eyed visage giving expres-

sion to his thots. With the air of a disgusted yet tolerant mother, he looked me in the eye and seriously said, "Aint yo' done goin' to eat no dinnah"? Anxious to relieve further anxiety, I assured him that I was. The effect was tremendous. A relieved expression came over his face. He considered me a man who had been on the verge of perdition and had been saved by a lucky individual reformation. He expressed his joy at my salvation by blurting out, "Wal, ah thoawt you wurn't no fool"! I thanked him for his rare confidence in me. From that time on his confidence seemed restored, despite my mysterious desire to do part of a day's work, for had I not admitted that I was going to eat dinner, and in that alone was there not proof that I was human, after all? His belief in me as a human being was further strengthened that noon. The boss at the coke pile informed me that it was customary to take a half hour noon, and that I would therefore be back at twelve-thirty to resume my work. But privately I had my own ideas on the subject of lunch hours. One-half hour was not enough for a man who had worked since five-thirty to unhitch his team, feed them, get to the Little Gem Restaurant, and get the team rehitched. Needless to say I did not appear until one o'clock. The boss and I had a little conference, from which I emerged none the wiser. Every day I showed up at exactly one o'clock, and the boss seemed to reconcile himself with the thot that it was a Bolshevistic age. But the fact that I had not bolted my food down in five minutes and was not back at work at twelve-ten seemed to furnish the only additional proof needed by my colored friend to convince him that I was human. That afternoon, and on all succeeding days, our conversation did not drag. We discussed everything from local politics to religion. He pointed out the necessity for a peaceful home. He did not approve of divorces or rolling pins. He believed in "cullud folks goin' to church and behavin' themselves." From this I assumed that the only reason he had these peculiar adeas was because he had been unfortunate enough to marry a woman that was either twice as big as he was or else controlled all the money. In either case it was autocracy.

The last day that I frequented the gas works was a peculiar day. It was cloudy and chill. A mist-like sprinkle kept everything wet and cold. The clouds refused to stop the descent of the moisture, neither would they let it come hard enough to give an excuse to stop work because of rain. Part of the time it snowed, but the flakes soon melted on the warm coke. It was a genuine joy-forsaken day. At night I was cold and hungry, anxious to get home and exchange wet shoes for dry ones, black clothes for clean ones. When at last I had safely deposited my team and wagon at the barn, I caught the first Riverside car in sight. Despite the fact that none of the people on the six o'clock West Main street car seemed to want to rub elbows with my wet

clothes on which an abundance of coke dust had transformed into a sort of paste, I arrived home without personal injury being done me. Great was my joy when, on coming up on the front porch, I saw a big grate fire burning in the front rom. I knew that the luxury of a grate fire was usually reserved for state occasions, but had not some kind member of the family, in an unusual display of unselfishness, built that fire for me, knowing that after a day's work on a wet coke pile I would appreciate such a fire? I hurriedly took off my dirty shoes outside the door, and stepped into the warm house. No one answered my calls. I went into the kitchen, and there removed the socks that had absorbed two gallons of melted snow water. Hurriedly I went into the front room with its grate fire, placed some newspapers over the easiest chair in the room, and sank down before the fire. It was indeed a grand feeling to be at home once more with a grate fire before you after a day of shovelling coke in the rain. Dozing in unparalleled luxury, I thot over the different experiences of the several weeks of quarantine. I thot of the amusing incidents. I realized that I had experienced the most convincing argument in the world for the eight hour day in industries, that is, eight hours of actual work in some back-bending industry. As I thought over the dull monotony of eight hours of continuous coke shovelling, with the total lack of any form of motivation, I realized that I at least had a sympathy for the man who, consigned to an endless life of such eight hour days, was inclined to soldier on the job. In brief, I had partaken of roughage. Some of it coarse, 'tis true, but all of it digestible.

Suddenly I heard laughter and gay words in front of the house. Before I was fully alert, I heard several pairs of feet come bouncing up on the front porch. I jumped up, but flight was impossible. Someone had already opened the front door, and the only way to escape was to go by that door. There I stood, glowering at the intruders, with my bare, tho black, feet, and my wet and dirty clothes backed by a paper-lined chair. Several young ladies drew back with a start as they saw me. My sister finally emerged from the door, and explained to her Sunday school class that I had just returned from a coke pile. Realizing that the fire had not been built for me, I went out thru a doorful of young women who seemed to have a sense of humor. I left the room in which I had been musing on the digestion of roughage; it was about to be used for the consumption of vitamines.

WHITHER?

(Upon the discussion of the value of a liberal education)

From the ship's deck he frowns
At the shore's shifting browns
—A stevedore;
Practiced the hand
Fast steering from land
The ship, boldly manned,
To Singapore.

The sky, bowing queen,
Grey-blue to blue green
Kisses softly.
Far above, screaming gulls,
Deep below, 'neath the hull's
Vibrant timbers, the lulls
Of the sea-folk.

Sky was sky, cloud was cloud,
Waves but water, night a shroud,
To the stevedore;
Depths abysses, shallows shoals,
Land a haven, countries goals;
Gulls were signals, sea-folk tolls,
Nothing more.

Old he grew; wind and squall
Finally mastered, spread his pall,
Mist was blowing.
God, that we should sink as he
Unenlightened in the sea,
Blinded, face eternity,
Never knowing.

—Evelyn Cole.

A DERBY HAT

Robert A. Barracks

There is a certain fascination about a derby hat that has an irresistible appeal to a man, whether he be young or old. What this something is I cannot say, unless it may be that the derby is descended to us from the days when men wore its cast iron ancestor to lessen the shock of nail studded clubs in the hands of playful enemies. Doubtless in those days the wearing of such a head gear brought a certain sense of bravado, a feeling of security that made the wearer step forth and face the world confidently, almost defiantly, secure in the protection his hat afforded. It may be that today the influence of our warlike ancestors stirs in our blood and causes us to lean towards the derby hat as a head-dress. It may be this, I say, that appeals to us and, makes us all at one time or another in our lives, don a hard hat, step out, and man the taunts of the world for a little while.

I bought a derby once; true, I didn't intend to, for I entered the shop with the intention of purchasing a black, white and green checked cap; at least so I told myself—and the clerk. While this clerk rummaged about the stock looking for the style I demanded—and knew he didn't have, my eyes roved up and down the rows of shelved hats until at last I spied the slick, shiny, mound-like form of a derby, labeled "7" —my size. Watching the clerk warily, I oozed towards the hat, reached it down from its shelf, and passed my fingers over its glistening surface! It roughened like a cat's back rubbed the wrong way. I smoothed frantically the other way, and magically its gloss returned in renewed splendor, and as it responded to my caressing touch, a certain magnetism emanated from it, drawing me irresistibly. I placed it gingerly upon my head; it balanced precariously on the lump on the rear elevation of my cranium, then tilted rakishly backwards. I yanked down on the brim, it caught for a moment on the lump and then slid down over my eyes, a most fascinating and entertaining hat. Madness seized me—I bought it!

I wore it down town that night, and bravely, defiantly, I walked down the brilliantly lighted streets. Ahead, a group of girls approached. Deftly I shoved the derby back to the rakish position, yanked at my cuffs, and assumed a nonchalant air. I passed the girls without a glance to right or left and then I heard it—the most virulent, serpent's hiss of a giggle I had ever heard. I blushed, and a cold feeling crept from my feet upwards. Angrily I yanked downward on the brim, tilted my cigarette to a sharp angle upward, stuck my elbows belligerently outward, and became hard-boiled. In the block ahead I spied a group of men lounging about in front of a pool room. I made for them with an evil glint in my eye. I crossed the street, mounted the

curb, and then, turning to the left, I went around the block. The man without a country had nothing on me. I was branded, marked before the world as the wearer of a derby hat. I was desperate—panic stricken. Another group of girls bore down on me—I knew them—I fled, plunging into the dark refuge of a movie show; at last I was safe. I placed my accursed hat on the seat beside me, and fixed my muddled thoughts on the picture. A dark figure loomed beside me—a lady desiring a seat. I rose, moved over one seat—and sat down; there was a rending, paste boardy scrunch, people on all sides looked in my direction, but did I move? Did I jump up hastily, snatch my derby from beneath me, and gaze ruefully at the mangled remains? I did not. I snuggled down peacefully on that shattered hat, crossed my legs, I leaned back and smiled benignly at the little bit of world about me. My mind was at rest; I was supremely happy, and deliciously comfortable —on a derby hat.

THE BUGGY

Mildred Wiley

SUNDAY is a peaceful day on a farm. The thickly populated barnyard is noisy as upon any other day, but in the warm sunshine of a Sunday afternoon there comes a feeling of kinship and friendliness with all these beasts and fowls that farmers haven't time to realize during the business-like rush of the week-day routine. All the animals have personalities like those in Anderson's tales. I can, by listening to the gossipy cluckings coming from the dust-pile under that walnut tree, gradually understand what these stately feathered dowagers are talking about, and their attitude toward life. That portly White Wyandotte who is smoothing her feathers complacently with her glossy yellow beak is something of a social leader. Her mild "caw, caw", is nicely modulated, and her mien lady-like and reserved, showing a certain conscious self-satisfaction. Three awkward White Wyandotte chicks sit near her, aping their mother's manners. They are at the ungraceful age when their heads and necks are guiltless of feathers, and they twist their scrawny pink throats about inquiringly at every remark from their mother. Mrs. Plymouth Rock, on the other hand, makes no claim to social distinction. She dusts her feathers comfortably, and begins an animated conversation with Madame R. I. Red upon the latest barnyard gossip—making no attempt to imitate the lady-like aloofness of the White Wyandotte. The two confide, expostulate, and exclaim, with many inquiring inflections in their voices. Perhaps they are commenting on the behavior of the slender, tailored Miss White Leghorn, or maybe complaining over the scarcity of lady bugs or the shortness of measuring worms.

Leaving the group under the tree I pass thru the gate by the high straw barn with its two adjacent silos. As I pass the barn, I see thru an open window the lazy pigs taking their afternoon snooze, or grunting and squealing over some well-chewed corn-cob. Their beady eyes squint up at me inquiringly, but when they see that I'm not the person who feeds them they take no more interest in me. I've known so many people just like my friends the porkers. A tall white rooster with an imposing red comb swaggers thru the pig pen with his head cocked on one side and his bright eyes on the quarrelers. With a quick flutter he is in the midst of the fray, has pecked the few remaining grains from the cob, and is off again with a squawk before the surprised pigs have even had time to grunt their astonishment.

As I go by the barn door, three kittens tumble out through a hole in it and scuttle after me. They are so fat that they can hardly waddle. One is black with white paws, one is all black, and the other is all white except for black spot on its nose. Their spiky little tails stick

straight up in the air; their mother follows discreetly behind with a somewhat worried air. The cares of a family evidently weigh upon her mind. Occasionally she gives a gently maternal purr, which is answered by the antics of her capering children, as they scamper wildly about her, and about my feet.

The cattle and sheep are grazing tranquilly in the meadow, and over the pasture bars leans my friendly old Duke, whinneying his welcome to me.

"Good old grey horse, how long it has been since I have taken the time to visit you! It is like meeting an old friend and renewing old acquaintance", for our friendship has been long and intimate in days gone by. Time was when the whole family depended on Duke as one of its most important members. I remember when mother used to braid my hair in two tails and tie it with a big bow on either side, dress me in starchy gingham, and take me to town with her in the buggy. What fascinating trips those used to be! The country thru which we drove was to me an enchanted land, and I used to make up stories about the people we saw along the way. Old Duke jogged along in the June sunshine, occasionally switching his tail at the flies, or tossing his head. Black butterflies with orange stripes on their wings fluttered upon the weeds and grass along the road. Squirrels and chipmunks ran along the rail fences, racing with us. Quail started up and ran ahead of us for a time till they finally became alarmed and rose in the air with a great whirring of wings.

When we arrived in town and hitched Duke on a shady corner of a side street—what fun it was to go with mother to the stores and to coax for the candy that I knew I would get! And the ride home thru the lengthening shadows was equally pleasant, as I sat munching in sticky contentment. We met men riding their horses in from work, the harness rattling and jingling as they came. We saw busy farm dogs bringing their herds of cows up from their creek bottom pasture thru the lanes to the barn-yards. We saw long-legged colts awkwardly following their mothers as they were turned out to graze for the night. And by the time we turned in our own curved lane, a very happy little girl was ready for her bread and milk, and went to sleep dreaming of her buggy ride.

From these pleasant summer rides to the buggy ride in the winter is a far cry. But even a buggy ride in the winter has its charm. Mary Ellen and I drove Duke to the town where we went to high school for four years—a drive of six miles which we made the winter long. Bundled up in sweaters, coats, toboggan caps and mufflers, we would get in behind our storm front, wrapped with robes and blankets. Duke often broke a fresh trail thru drifted snow, while we could scarcely see thru the glass for the snow that whirled about us. Some-

times there fell a cold sleety rain, but within all was warm, and old Duke trotted along with real horse stoicism. Frosty November days we have left off the storm front and found our faces covered with a powdery frost when we got to town.

On pleasant evenings in the fall and spring we put the top down, tied the lines to the dashboard, and picnicked all the way on warm rolls from the village bakery, crackers and cheese, or other food delightful to hungry school girls. Sometimes if we had an early start we took the road by a deserted apple orchard, and there filled our pockets. This orchard stood by a grey, empty house, and the trees were gnarly and crooked and old, but the fruit had a flavor for us that couldn't be excelled. And what marvellous sunsets we used to see! A crimson lake would change constantly in shape and color glowing from the deepest scarlet to a gentle rose. This lake of fire threw a reflection over the whole sky, turning it into merging shades of gold, turquoise, pink, sapphire, and ruby.

The white clouds were tinted with color and edged with roseate light—and near the horizon violet merged into pearly grey.

After those high school days my buggy rides became fewer—but still I count among my happiest times my journeys in the buggy. With someone of as old-fashioned turn of mind as I, I have driven along idly on a summer day, the wheels cheerily droning, and all our cares in the background. It is a pleasant thing to have no aim in mind when you go buggy riding. Simply to sit at your ease, letting the horse take his own pace and guide himself, leaves one's time free for talk and for quiet friendliness—for pleasantly indolent observation.

On such buggy rides I have found out long leafy lanes that no motorist ever knows. I have seen many lovely pictures—a log cabin with the glowing beauty of a trumpet-vine in full bloom clambering over the entire side of it; a wooden wind mill covered with Virginia creeper; a little shiny pond with stones on its edge and big trees bending over it; a lane plunging into a forest of nearly primeval beauty; a wild plum hedge in riotous bloom. I have found a drive by the river where people seldom go, and where the deep shadowy water reflects the willows and the elms, where the sycamore bends over till its leaves dip into the water, and the frightened blue heron flaps away into the underbrush on hearing your approach. Birds fly up and perch on the arch of the great stone bridge nearby—it was in that place that I first saw an indigo bunting and heard the rippling melody of its song.

When we have stopped at such places as this, Duke has shown a tolerant spirit for our whims and fancies. He has a benevolent indulgence for our enjoyment of forsaken roads and quiet woods. He even enjoys our frequent pauses, and spends the time cropping the grass—

stopping occasionally with grass in his teeth to turn a mildly questioning eye in our direction. He does not mind if we leave him cropping to spread our lunch upon the bank of the placid river, but eats his lunch with as much satisfaction as we have in consuming our moist sandwiches and big red apples—only keeping a protecting eye on us the while. We feed him apples too, and then explore, say, the pebbly shore of the river till the shadows grow longer and the air smells of evening freshness. Then we get into the buggy once more, and drive back toward the sunset, while birds call their young ones home and the cow-bells tinkle in the pastures. It is a soft dusk when we drive into the lane, and Thompson is waiting to take our horse.

"Well, d'ye have a nice drive, girls"? he says with the cheerfulness that is a jewel in a hired man. We assure him that we did and he seems to believe it—but he apparently thinks us a little queer.

"Catch me goin' in a buggy if I had a car like you folks have", he says. "'Fore long this boy's goin' to get a Ford roadster, and then you bet I'll get over the ground."

Poor Thompson! He's a very good citizen and all that—but limited in his scale of enjoyment. He goes riding merely to "get over the ground." He hasn't the capacity to enjoy the kind of things that Duke and I enjoy.

Good old Duke! See how he twists his head over the pasture gate, and how wistfully he looks at me. Does he long to give me a pleasant buggy ride as much as I long to have one? And does he wish that I wouldn't waste so much time in useless fritterings when I could be out on the open road? The Sunday afternoon is nearly over; up there in the sky is a little new curved moon, all white now but soon to light up, after the sun gets down behind those trees on the hill. I am glad I renewed my acquaintance with the barnyard friends, and especially with my old grey companion of so many pleasant memories. Tomorrow—yes, I am sure—tomorrow afternoon I will fix a basket of lunch, get someone as foolish and as wise as I am, fasten once more the buckles and straps of the harness that I used to fasten so often—and go for a ride in the buggy!

AN APRIL FANTASY

When tiny Spring Folk with their flutes
Arouse and wake the sleeping lands,
Each new clad tree laughs joyously
And claps on high its small, green hands.
The bluets and hepaticas
Throw back their cool brown quilts
And rise in glad surprise and rub their eyes,
Each tight wrapped bud flings off its cloak
And stretches up toward singing skies.
The soft, gray catkins gently purr
And sun themselves on shimmering trees;
The red bud blushes on the hills
To hear the Spring Folks' wooing pleas,
Is caught and echoed note by note,
By every fragile blue bell chime
By every singing spring bird throat!
Oh, sad earth-souls with songless hearts
For you is piped that melting strain;
The Tiny Folk strive hard to bring
Blithe Romance back to you again!

—Ruth McKinney.

AMICITIA

When I return, my dear, when I return
Thrilling with some glad secret
And do not find you there
To laugh for joy with me
The flavor of the new-found joy is gone
I cannot sense it fully
Without your understanding sympathy.

When I return dejected, when I come
With heartbreak in my throat to find you
Desperate with the need of tender knowledge
Which you alone can show
But you are gone!
Lonely I fight my fight and strive
To keep my poise till you return
And all the world becomes serene again.

If I should pray
To have you always near me
It surely were too great a boon to ask
Surpassing my deserts.
But should I ask
The gift of an eternal consciousness of you
Gift of clear eyes—the firm all-seeing faith
To see you in the birds and in the trees
And feel your spirit—ever
Surely this would be
A prayer that God might grant.

—Harriet Mildred Wiley.

MY MOTHER

I saw my mother every day.
The firm, round chin,
The two deep lines which braced her mouth,
The fluffy hair
Beneath which watched her quiet eyes
Which always seemed to look straight into me,—

Her hands, work-warped and never still—
I saw them all with that appalling disregard of youth.
I say the dull blue dress
Which I disliked
And fretted both myself and her
Because I saw it.
And that last day, when face to face,
We knew that our companionship was past,
I heard as sound her calm and rarely playful voice,
And heard as words her farewell wish to me:
"God bless and keep you, dear!"

I see my mother every day,
I do not see her flesh and blood reality;
I see her as she is.
I see her face distinctly limned
With laughter, purpose, pain, and not with lines.
I see her clothed more radiantly.
Than I can ever be;
For she is clothed in bright beatitudes.
The meekness, mercy, peace—I see them all,
But most of all,
The hunger and the thirsting after righteousness.
And in her voice and in her words
I now can catch the echo of that Perfect Love
Which passeth knowledge and which knows no end.
"God bless and keep you, dear!"

—Ruth McKinney.

COMMUNION

Our thots are tiny silver rays
That reach from us to heaven
And when last night, tho miles away,
I thot of you and you of me,
Our silver rays converged
And formed an angle and a silver road
O'er which our innermost desires went winging
Till yours reached me
And mine reached you.
For our thots had met in God.

—Geneva Gregory.

NIAGARA

William F. Hayes

THE brightly colorful advertisements of the trip had caught our eyes at several ticket offices before we ever reached Niagara, and consequently we decided quickly that we would make the circuit around the falls, the lower rapids, and whatever else might be included for the small sum of one dollar plus war tax. We bought our tickets from a young clerk with a yellow pencil behind his ear, and a snapping bark of a voice which he exercised when we asked him if he would take Canadian coin in payment. He left no doubt in our minds; no, he convinced us that our good United States money would have to be parted with. By the way, they certainly are fond of the old eagle around that tourist-infested town. Before we had been there long, we rather expected to see some idol in the shape of a dollar erected on some one of the greens. I am sure that if we had found it we would have seen the populace en masse or at least en demi-masse bowed down before it. While waiting for the car which was to take us around the falls, I felt something crawling over my newly shined shoes. With one startled glance down I discovered a ragged, but certainly promising boy about ten years of age industriously polishing the dust from my shine with a piece of green felt. (Aha! I felt the felt, did I not)? Digging dolefully into my pocket, I produced a dime for his lordship. He accepted it as a matter of course, and proceeded to attack Dick's shining black shoes. Convulsively clutching our change, however, we escaped him and boarded the dingy red electric car which had just rounded the corner. That boy may be a Rockefeller in embryo, who knows? At any rate he displayed tendencies capable of development in one way or another. Forgetting him, however, we began our trip—the trip which the folders insisted was "the best thing to be seen or done at the falls, ask anyone that's been here, and they will tell you the same."

The car made progress along a crowded thoroughfare, where tall gray haired men stopped with their grandchildren to examine and covet the souvenir treasures which every window which was not a restaurant window displayed; where obliging young clerks told ambitious sight seers the old Indian legend of the falls; and where economical travellers studied the menus in restaurant and hotel windows to discover where he might find the greatest number of appetizing calories for the least money—Canadian or Uncle Sam's. Out of the scurrying and bustle of the business district we bumped out onto the long steel bride across the river just a few hundred feet below the falls. We were in Canada. I wonder if that sort of thing gives anyone else the same kind of sensation it does me. Driving along in a car, for in-

stance, you are told that the state line is right here. You are in Indiana, and then the first thing you know you are in Illinois. Spooky, isn't it? You are under a different set of laws. The people in the corn field over there would support Lowden for President instead of your man. W. J. Bryan is a product of this part of the country, while a few yards back you were in the land of James Whitcomb Riley and Gene Stratton-Porter. And so, without experiencing any great change in climate, scenery, or altitude we were transported from our own, our native land into Canada. Turning to the left as soon as it left the bridge the car ran slowly along the river closer and closer to the great Horseshoe Fall, while the tourists revelled in the wonderful view. The car jerked to a stop, and a droning voice invited us to stop and take the trip in behind the Fall thru the underground passageway. "Tickets are good for stopovers as long as you want to stay", they told us, and added that "this is absolutely the best feature of the trip to Niagara—ask anybody that's been here, an' they'll tell you the same thing." Hurrying out just as the car started off again, and ignoring the anxious ticket sellers for the time, we strolled over to the iron railing at the cliff's edge for the best possible view of the American and the Horseshoe Falls.

The larger fall was nearer to us, and the river was easily visible for some distance above the final drop of one hundred and sixty feet The water, dancing and dodging in and out among the rocks, was rushing, dashing onward toward us and toward its leap into space. As it soared over the edge into the air and downward its lovely greenness made one mindful of green trees, and grass, and everything else beautiful and fresh and gay. And then, it broke itself upon rocks below, sending a white spray high into the air, higher than the fall itself, and sending a roar, loud, steady, never-ending to our ears, and to thousands of other ears close by. Down below us the water was churned and lashed into a foamy whiteness for all the world like fresh milk in a pail back home on the farm. Then it sank into what must have been the great depth of the river at that point not to reappear so turbulently until it should reach the rapids far below. As we watched, the little Maid o' the Mist steamed slowly up into the horseshoe, turned, and started back toward its pier. As we had recently left the deck of the little boat it was interesting to watch the oilskin covered group as they gazed wonderingly upward and all about them, and occasionally snapped a kodak, uttering a prayer, perhaps, for a good result from some of the negatives. We turned away from the scene, decided to take the trip in behind the falls. Clad in rubber boots, oilskin coats, and hoods we went down the elevator, along a narrow tunnel to the platform which led us out just underneath the heavy fall of water. A little of the spray reached us, and it was as if a heavy rain were beating

upon the rocks. But for the waterproofing we would have been drenched to the skin in an instant. After a few moments of gazing from this vantage point, we again took up the slippery path back to the elevator, and up again to the check room where our hats, coats, shoes, and deflated pocket books had been left. We dressed, and boarded the next electric which came leisurely by with enough vacant seat room to accommodate the three of us. We were off for the rest of the trip. The car drew slowly away from the falls, following the course of the river, and finally passing out of sight of the Horseshoe around a curve in the river which was skirted with low hanging trees and shrubbery. It made several stops along the way, and we finally alighted on the little stone platform where tickets for a trip on the aerial car were to be had.

Solemnly and repeatedly the barkers informed the sightseers that they had "come a long way to see Niagara, and would have to take this little trip or miss the best part of the visit—ask any that's taken it 'n they'll tell yu the same thing." The little car was halfway across when we first saw it, and was moving slowly over the cables toward us. Enclosed in a basket-like cage, with little chance of falling out without a good climb first, were a man, his wife, and two boys. The little boy in his first knickerbockers was frankly frightened, and clung to his mother tightly during all the trip. The older, perhaps ten years of age, was attempting to look perfectly at ease, and was succeeding as well as ten year old boys usually do in such an undertaking. Far below was the whirlpool which the cables spanned. The river, tearing down pell mell in its course struck a hill directly in its path, and was forced to turn and twist and back around upon itself, and go off at a sharp tangent nearly back over the same course. This business of continually righting itself and changing its direction so abruptly, kept the water whirling spasmodically around and around in innumerable and ever-changing vortices, the sum total of which is known as the Niagara whirlpool. Tree limbs, barrel staves, all sorts of debris brought from miles away to leap the falls and rush on down the river, whirled, sank and rose again, played about in the waters for a few moments, and at length followed the river down its new path. The stucco contractor from Oklahoma City, who attached himself to our party at this point, carefully explained the whirlpool to us in all its workings, wrote copious notes of his observations in a large red notebook, and told us that Oklahoma City was the finest, the most wonderful city in the world, barring none, without once getting the three operations mixed at all. His gray hair and his prodigious respect for himself led us to accord him great respect also. I have no doubt he would have been a very entertaining grandfather for somebody's children, but I fear for his stucco houses.

"The best feature of the entire trip", we were next told—"ask any body that's been here, he'll tell you th' same"—was the place where General Braddock's—or somebody's monument was erected, a tall, white marble outlined against the blue sky, and we were begged to walk up and have a look at it for half a dollar. Beginning to catch on by this time, however, we turned our backs on the general, and bought a six cent piece of chocolate which tasted so good that we immediately bought another. The next two cars that came along were packed, but the third one carried us on down the river to the little Canadian town, where boys sold whole baskets of fruit for fifteen cents, (the baskets were large enough to hold two purple plums, a peach, and perhaps a couple of grapes) and where we turned to begin our journey back to the starting point. This time the route was much more direct, and there were no stops. The track followed the water's edge closely, even alongside the most turbulent part of the rapids. A heavy storm on Lake Michigan would hardly have rivalled these rapids in the matter of waves. High into the air they flung their crests, and the constant beating against submerged rocks kept the water perfectly white with foam and spray. The current travelled, the pamphlet said, at thirty miles an hour. To us it seemed fairly to fly by. Above us a sheer wall of brown rock rose, I guessed about two feet into the air. Here and there a hardy weed or shrub grew out of it, aspiring toward its height. The face of the cliff was moist and cool from the ceaseless rain of spray which floated to it from the rapids. Up we climbed slowly beside the cliff, until we suddenly found ourselves back in the city where we would have to keep our eyes open for budding financiers, and our pocketbooks closed from catchy souvenirs.

In our stateroom on board the Lake Erie steamer that night, I was vainly trying to coax the sandman to operate on me, when from the lower berth I heard one of the fellows mumble sleepily,

"This is absolutely the hottest hole I ever tried to sleep in—ask anybody that's been here; they'll tell you the same thing."

INTERESTING PAUSE ON DECATUR'S PATHWAY

Evelyn Cole

LINCOLN'S COURTHOUSE

THE log court house where Abraham Lincoln first practiced law has been moved from its original place on Lincoln Square to Fairview Park where it may now be seen rising upon a steep eminence, and looking down upon the red drives beneath. Two cannon, relics of the Civil war, point their noses proudly skyward from the edge of the sheer descent at the south, dumb guardians of a master's haunt. Tall trees surround the cabin, and form an appropriate setting for its solitude.

As I look up from my station at the foot of the hill, I half close my eyes, and gaze upon that historic building through the haze of many years. The tall form of Lincoln arises before me in my fancy, climbs the grey path up the hill with determined strides. For a moment the tall form is silhouetted against the darkening sky; then it stoops before the doorway sunk in the side of the wall, and disappears into the dark interior. I listen intently. Is it only the sighing of the sentinel trees, or do I hear the sonorous voice of Lincoln echoing from within. I open my eyes wide once more, and see only a two-storied cabin of hewn logs, whose two eyes of windows stare at me in astonishment—a dreary husk from which the spirit long has fled, a mute reminder of a glorious past.

My melancholy reverie is suddenly disturbed by a brown and orange colored squirrel, who, flaunting his bushy tail, scampers wildly up the hill and into the topmost tree, a timely reminder of the living present. Picking up my notebook, I turn and walk briskly down the red shale drive.

THE DECATUR DRUG COMPANY

As I entered the door of the Decatur Drug Company, and took my first breath of that peculiar drug store odor, that composite smell of powder, drugs, perfume, sulphur, fresh paper, and patent medicines, the tall young floorwalker stepped up to me quickly.

"What will you have, Miss——(pause, during which he seemed to wish me to interrupt, and save him from the disgrace of not knowing my name).

"Nothing", I answered. "I am looking for material for a descriptive essay, and I would like to look around, if I may."

"Well, now, that's interesting. A—what"?

"An essay."

"Well, I should say so. Help yourself, stay as long as you like. Let me get you a chair."

I declined abruptly, and opened my notebook on the glass counter that displayed liquid dress shields and box stationery. My blond and inquisitive friend stationed himself two yards from me, leaning his long frame carelessly against the wrapping counter, and observed me closely.

As I looked out over the sea of glass counters, patent medicine advertisements, dye cabinets, cases of umbrellas, bustling clerks, and swarming shoppers, I was startled by a shrill voice behind me. A thin nosed, sharp-eyed little woman dressed in a black and white checked Kersey dress trimmed with elaborate tatting collar and cuffs, and a millinery horror of black straw and red muslin roses, pressed against the glass with such force that I half expected to see the counter crumble in beneath her weight.

"Yes. 'Hot water bottle' is what I said", she piped.

The floorwalker winked. I busied myself inspecting the walls. They were literally walls of bottles, row on row, shelf on shelf, tier on tier, up to the very ceiling. A stocky negro boy in a vivid blue shirt climbed quickly up the sliding ladder, as I watched, pulled himself on it first to the right, then to the left, until he arrived at the right spot—indicated to him by an impatient old man below. He removed the bottle, leaving a dark gap in the otherwise unbroken wall, and descended carefully. The curious floorwalker could restrain himself no longer.

"Go to school here"?

I nodded.

"High school or Millikin"?

"Millikin. Do you mind if I walk around"?

He followed me down the narrow aisles between the counters, talking rapidly at my blue serge back. Above me a life-sized plaster of paris pig rooted the top of the counter with dilated nostrils, and displayed upon his healthy fat side the information:

"Avalon Farms Hog-Tone
Puts kinks in their tails."

I circled the main aisle, followed by Blondy, and passed a middle-aged Salvation Army woman buying Dier Kiss powder, two giggling school girls picking out rouge and lip-stick, and a well dressed woman in tailored serge describing the kind of liver pills she had purchased two weeks before and wanted to duplicate. Arriving once more at the front entrance, I placed my book upon the counter and scribbled furiously. The display window just in front of me contained three huge bowls of beautiful goldfish. Through the castles of green, grey, and pink, the irridescent gold and silver of the shining bodies flashed about, causing the water to gleam with ever changing lights and shadows. I watched the dancing water, the green water-floss floating on top of it, and the rise and fall of the tiny transparent fins with growing fascination.

Suddenly I became conscious of the floorwalker behind me. He was peering over my shoulder, and inspecting my open notebook. Picking up my pen, I quickly jotted under his gaze:

"Center of interest, a blond pest, Inquisitive Floorwalker", and sailed through the open door.

NICK'S

When I am tired from a long afternoon's shopping, I like to go into Nick's. I like the furtive odor of the polish that greets me as I enter from the street; I enjoy the homey atmosphere that welcomes me in Nick's shining face, in the Citizen's National Bank calendar, and the tall cases of Hershey's, gum, cigars, and shoe cleaner. I nod to Nick, pull my skirts snugly around me with one hand (that they may not catch on the iron shoe rests) and mount the two steep marble steps to my waiting chair. I brace myself, placing my black walking shoes solidly on the foot rests in front of me, settle myself into my most ridiculous hunch of comfort, and relax.

Nick's Shoe Shining Parlor is tucked away between an alley and the William Gushard Dry Goods Company, from whose rear court it is separated only by a clumsy partition, half windows. Through these windows and the red letters of Nick's sign, "Shines and Cigars," presented to me backward, I can see the shoppers of dress goods and McCall patterns making their way carefully up and down the short flight of steps to the rear entrance. To the left, in the corner, a triangle of shelf supports an old ice water cooler whose drippings are caught by a large discarded wooden candy pail, elevated on a much worn stool.

But the center of interest in this homiest of homey spots, the personification of all those elements of comfort and contentment echoing in his little shop, is Nick himself. Straight black hair bristles from his short round head and gives an almost cocky expression to the otherwise serene placidity of his honest round face. A great grey-blue coverall apron protects his clean blue blouse and grey trousers from any flying spatters from the brushes. Nick's feet are eloquently shod in tan army shoes, heavy of sole and stubbed of toe. The stolidity of his appearance is, however, belied in the quick movements of those muscular arms and stocky deft hands. With a stiff black brush grasped firmly in each of these hands, he rejuvenates the brown French-heeled boots of my neighbor. He caresses them, patting and smoothing in turn, he slaps them on one side and the other, punishes them energetically for a minute, then relents, comforts them again. There is tenderness and passion in these brisk movements, and I like to imagine, observing them from my bespattered chair, that through them Nick gives vent to his emotions as the violinist does with his bow and strings. And perhaps he is just as much an artist. Who knows?

ON THE PLEASURES OF TRAVELLING

Henriette Moussiegt

I KNOW an old lady who used to pretend that she had discovered a wonderful easy-going, inexpensive way of travelling. She would journey all over the world; and for that purpose sink down into a broad, well-padded arm-chair and look at her post-card collection.

People who attend pictures regularly are in the same state of mind; the ordinary man who thus satisfies his yearnings "beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down" does not know his chance. If he possesses a good store of imagination he can dream himself into happiness and picture to himself those beautiful countries where honey and milk flow.

I never feel so pleased as when a voyage, a sea-voyage more especially is an accomplished fact. Also when I am on the eve of departure. I then have an idea implanted in my mind that I am going to enjoy myself. The first night on board is a precious jewel to store away among the treasures of one's memory. The moon is up, round and full, and a fine trail of light sweeps down onto the dark sea and lingers long into the night. Some beautiful rhymes pass slowly thru your mind; you dream of young Endymion who pined away for love of Diana, and wish there was by you a friendly bosom in which to pour your enthusiasm and yearnings after beauty. Morning comes and you are ashamed of letting your friends know that you ever entertained such romantic thoughts.

The day wears on and you wish you were dead. The stewardess inquires about your dinner and you wish you were energetic enough to tell that inconsiderate body that you will never touch food again. After a few days you are able to sit upon deck and answer with a wan smile when kind-hearted friends want to know how you feel now. You gather a little more strength and those same kindly-hearted friends help you up and tuck you on a deck chair, and you smile sweet thanks at them.

It is only when you begin to like it thoroughly that it is time to leave the ship. You gaze after her regretfully and face the business on shore. It is a hard business when you are handicapped by baggage. When you have gone through the process of finding your trunks and getting an inspector to visit them, and gone as far as uncording them, you perceive that you have lost your keys. When you find them again, the man is gone and you hesitate between the alternative of leaving your trunks and trying to entice the man back, or sitting down upon your baggage and going to sleep. You feel you have been wronged, but hearing all sorts of grumblings from various

kinds of people brings back your cheerfulness; you suddenly think that you would laugh at a like adventure, should you see it acted on a small provincial stage. Why should not people sometimes perform their lives for their own pleasure?

I now look back upon it all as upon a very entertaining time. Imagination, which is the source of happiness, puts a glory round it all. The joy of the arrival, the delight of the welcome, and the vanity of being made much of, simply because you are new in a new land, combine to place a halo round everything. The farther you get from it, the more luminous it grows, until you think of your journey as a beautiful intangible thing, and your mind waxes poetical as on that night when you beheld the trail of moonlight on the quiet ocean.

THE DEATH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Great man, whose death a nation mourns,
Thy hand, most active in a country's growth,
At last is still;
That crowded life in which that nation loomed
The mighty object of all sacrifice,
Stopped by the treacherous plague of hate,—
Autocracy!

Oh hand that moves! Oh life that is not death!
Forgive what blindness, skeptical, importunate,
Withheld from thy deserving power and hope.
Know, in those fastnesses of the infinite
Which harbor now thy great and generous soul,
America were not America but for thee!

On history's page the deeds of one
Who ever labored in his country's love,
Undimmed can be, though centuries pass;
And sacrifice its own reward,
Feeds immortality.

The clock ticks on, the calendar is turned,
Years, centuries, ages, take their turn;
But life forgets not what it owes
To courage, faltering not at criticism,
To duty nobly done.

But who speak aught of recompense?
Not he who gave his son a willing sacrifice
To Freedom's hopes.
For him, but thanks to fate for opportunity
Which gave him power his guiding hand to use
In influence good, is given!

Then farewell, happy man! We but regret
That future words and deeds are lost to us.
Live on! O happy man, we but rejoice
Death but prevents, and cannot all destroy.
The laborer toils on, his lesson learned;
The man of power stands firm, his honor earned.
Into my heart I take my share
Of these, thy gifts, O generous man.
And pray that I, with millions more,
May dare to "carry on"!

—Evelyn Cole.

AN ESSAY ON FRATERNITY

Anné-Marie Baudry

TO REACH the last page of a captivating book is nearly as hard as to part from a bosom-friend. So, at least, I thought, as I closed John Galsworthy's masterpiece, called "Fraternity" and became aware of where I was. In fact, I was sitting in a crowded bus; but my mind still lingered in some upper, idealistic region, from whence it refused to come down. Beautiful pieces still rang in my ear that told of "universal brotherhood" or "the fraternal love that man owes to man," and I was so enthusiastic as to make mine those generous ideas.

In such a state of mind I closed the book, and looked around me; then I suddenly felt as bitter a disappointment as feels a man who wakes up in the middle of a happy dream and finds the dull dark night around him. What I saw in the full "bus," were rows of indifferent, uninteresting faces, bearing no expression on them, but a sort of hostile and reserved coldness. Though we were perhaps twenty travellers sitting side-by-side, each of us seemed to ignore the very existence of his neighbor. Some stood with a preoccupied look, apparently lost in personal meditation; business- men glanced at their watches with eager eyes that looked straight before them and saw nothing but some distant affair, and all those faces seemed like closed up houses with curtains drawn down, shutters jealously fixed up, so that nobody should peep in thru the windows. Our eyes met indifferently and held; no meanings whatever passed in our looks. As we went along, I caught a glance of the crowded streets. A group of laughing shop-girls happened to cross as we passed, and I thought with a relieved sigh:

"These, at least, are enjoying themselves, in the most fraternal way."

Alas! I saw the bright faces as we got nearer to them. One of the girls with sparkling eyes, seemed truly very much pleased to look at her new pair of pretty shoes. No wonder each step was a joy for her. Her smiling neighbour, without any doubt, had nothing to do with her thoughts whatever. And I plainly understood that this bunch of girls, though walking arm in arm, went along, each one with her own joys, own pains, own selfish, personal interest in life.

"Now, I thought, Fraternity is but a vain word. The truth is that as soon as we get away from our narrow family circle, we draw our curtains down and don't care a bit for those who are supposed to be our brothers."

Indeed, it seemed an alluring illusion to speak of fraternal feelings between all men, when friendship itself keeps a sort of reserve;

to wake up a friend's sympathy toward you, is sometimes a delicate affair; but what a relief, when in your friend's eye you catch that interested look, which tells you that the curtain is lifted up, and you can peep in, right thru your friend's soul? Then you can take as much as you want out of your friend, and it is very nearly the same thing as drawing up water from a deep, deep well, and then, enjoying the drink.

So, I was thinking, and wondering if all those people there were first dried up wells, with no water in them at all, when a paper-boy rushed into the car; down in the streets a rumor ran that increased in a sort of long yell "Armistice is Signed! Here is the Day of Glory!" I had no time to realize what happened then, but I knew that an old lady—why! that same, dull old lady who kept on such a distant air—was bending eagerly over me, her hands on my shoulders, and asking with excited interest,

"Have you heard that news? Don't you think that is wonderful?"

In an instant the car was emptied, and we rushed into the streets. A black crowd streaming by carried us away; hands touched hands; men, girls and women caught themselves arm-in-arm; on every glowing face, and excited eyes, I read an anxious desire to exchange common thoughts and common emotions. I caught glimpses of American soldiers, unable to express themselves who positively shouted their joy with little French shop-girls. For, cannot eyes and gestures speak as well as language, when one's soul is in them?

The night was coming, and I stopped in a retired place to look over that glorious crowd; it was on the Parisian "Boulevards"; a human stream flooded along, where all nations, all uniforms, men and women, whatever be their rank or their age, mingled together. From those deep wells, that human beings are, the water had sprung, and now, all over the big town, it spread like a moving sea. An American soldier came to me, and we kept looking together. I did not know where he came from; his country, his life, his affections, his thoughts, I did not know, but that evening made us all equal. Then he pointed to me the rushing crowd—

"That is Fraternity", he said.

And I suddenly remembered, with a pang of joy, the book I held in my hand, and whose beautiful title I had doubted a moment ago.

Social

THE SOPHOMORE-FRESHMAN RECEPTION.

The Sophomore-Freshman reception for the Seniors at H. S. was one of the last social affairs of last year, and by the number of people who came from that school to Millikin this fall, we should judge that it was a success. Most of the evening was spent in visiting with the guests, and making them feel at home in our front corridor. The music and stunts given in chapel proved fun, but the corridor, where one had to talk at the top of his voice to be heard, was the jolliest place.

THE JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

The Junior class of 1919 had a delightful party for the graduating class early in May of that year. It was a summer party, held in the grille room at the Hotel Orlando. Bridal wreath and lillies of the valley, with a back ground of ferns, made a pretty setting for the party.

Following the banquet came the program of toasts built around the growth of a flower. William Hayes, president of the Junior class, acted as toast master. The first toast was given by Thomas Wright, "The Root," signifying the Freshman class. Vera Lohrman, president, gave a toast on "The Stem," the Sophomore. "The Leaf," the Junior class, was given by Clinton File. Miriam Herron gave the toast for the Senior class, on "The Bud." President A. R. Taylor gave the final toast for the Alumnae on "The Full Blown Flower." While the toasts had a serious vein thru them, still they were humorous and entertaining.

DR. A. R. TAYLOR'S RECEPTION

Dr. A. R. Taylor's home was a beautiful place on the evening of the 9th of May, 1919, when Dr. and Mrs. Taylor gave their reception for the Senior class and the faculty of the University. Assisting Dr. and Mrs. Taylor in the receiving line were Mrs. A. S. Newman, their daughter, and Albert Newman, their grandson.

The house was beautifully decorated with great masses of pink and white crab apple blossoms. The porch at the rear of the house was canvassed in, and there several of the Junior class girls served the guests with light refreshments.

A short program was given early in the evening, and following it the guests spent their time visiting together, informally.

THE Y. W. WALKOUT

The first bit of social interest at Millikin comes each year with the first week of school, always devoted to Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. The main object of this week, aside from the more exciting experiences of getting registered and started off to classes, is to become acquainted with every other person you see. And this is the idea of the Y. W.

C. A. walkout for the new girls, which occurs during the first days of the new year.

This year instead of taking a long hike to the river or Stephens Creek the girls went over into Fairview Park where they spent the afternoon tearing down bushes to get sticks to roast weiners on. After every girl had spoken to all the new girls, and renewed friendships with old girls, and the fire had burned to a bed of coals, the fun began. There were weiners and buns and pickles enough to supply each girl several times, and after they were all gone there were huge slices of very red and very juicy watermelon. If any stiffness or formality had survived to this last course it vanished forever when the watermelon eating began. And so, the party ended in a general feeling of good fellowship. The girls drifted off in small groups, the old girls having found some interesting Freshman to care for, and the Freshman happier because of the hosts of new friends discovered.

Y. M. C. A. AND Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION

The Y. M.-Y. W. reception was a real "git acquainted" affair, and as such proved a great success. Everyone was tagged as soon as he or she entered, and from the moment he had the little brown marker pinned securely to his coat lapel he was privileged to speak to every pretty girl he saw, and as many as he could see. This speaking to one another only stopped long enough for a short program given in the chapel, and then continued straight thru the frappe and wafers to the end.

DECATUR-MILLIKIN DAY

October 25 of this year bore the honor of being Decatur-Millikin Day. Immediately following a special Saturday Chapel period, arranged especially for the occasion, a pep parade of a score of cars well filled with people and pans left the University drive for a run of the town. The parade under the able management of Billy Hayes, president of the Student Council, was made up with such aptness and disregard of non-essentials, as deserves commendation. All cars were supplied with neat posters on the afternoon's game with Eureka and an abundance of horns, ratchet wheels, and strong voices. The downtown district was covered in its entirety as the parade swung thru it, around it, beyond it, and then back to the Decatur-Clinton football game on the athletic field where it disbanded.

Millikin celebrated the afternoon with a 7 to 0 win over Eureka, and closed the day by a massed singing of Millikin songs at the Lincoln Square Theatre in the later hours of the evening. It is well to set aside one day of the year in which to let Decatur know we are here, and to allow ourselves to meditate a bit upon the municipality of which we are an integral part.

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Homecoming was not the only success at Millikin. This has been a year of successes if we look at all the nice things which have happened. And among these nice things was the Y. M. and Y. W. Hallowe'en party, which occupied one Friday evening. It was a masked party and from the moment the soldiers, gypsies, pirates, nurses, children, witches and ghosts began to arrive the basement corridor was a busy place. The "little gym" was inhabited by all manner of slimy things, and terrible old women who read one's fortune from the palm of his hand. There was also a chamber of horrors which proved popular with the shrieking members of the fair sex.

During the evening the Y. M. gave a short program of stunts, and then—there were cider, doughnuts, and pumpkin pie to further entice the ghosts.

HOMECOMING

Homecoming! What a host of happy memories that word calls forth. But this year especially the word homecoming has stood for a great deal in the hearts of Millikin men and women. This was our first homecoming after the years of separation because of the war, and as a result it was the greatest one Millikin has known.

The celebration started Friday night when the Dramatic Art Club was host for the reception. When the crowds of friends and alums arrived they were met by the students who kept them busy finding each other and visiting with the faculty again. At 9 o'clock the chapel doors were thrown open and the rest of the evening was spent there.

The Dramatic Art Club presented two little one-act plays. The one a Pierrot fantasy, the other a little sketch written about a silk hat. During the intermission, girls, dressed in quaint little old-fashioned frocks, carrying large baskets went up and down the aisles giving every one a little package tied in blue and white. The contents proved to be tiny sandwiches and candies with a colored serpentine tucked in. When the serpentines were started sailing thru the air, landing in Mrs. Taylor's lap or on some one's else head the spirit of homecoming prevailed. After the second little play the crowd broke up into smaller groups, each busy learning the whereabouts of classmates who could not return. When it finally was time to leave every one of the nine hundred people felt glad that he had been there to help make Homecoming a success.

A PAN-HELLENIC FUNCTION

The only Pan-Hellenic function at Millikin during the year was the lovely formal dancing party with which Miss Ada Lindsay entertained sorority and fraternity people and a few friends. The party

was held at the Country Club, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. During the evening the sororities each gave a stunt for the entertainment of the others. And of course each sunt was supposed to be better than the other, so they were all the very best.

The party was such a lovely one that it has become an event, and those who attended still speak delightedly of "Miss Lindsay's dance."

CLASS PARTIES, FEBRUARY, 1920

The Sophomore class party was held at the Kappa Delta Chi house Saturday night, February 21, and was a peaceful affair because the Freshmen were not out to get the "eats" for their party. During the evening a clever program of stunts was furnished by some of the men in the class. But it was when they reached the food that the real party began. Knowing that the Freshmen would all be safe at home that night the committee in charge of that part of the party had provided great quantities of salad, sandwiches, cake, candy, and ice cream, and they had a great feed.

The Senior class party was held the night before Washington's birthday at the Alpha Chi Omega house. Part of the evening was spent in learning from the Ouija board what the future held or if your best girl loved you. Then there was an auction sale of "white elephants" which each person had brought. The money used for the sale of these discarded things was jelly beans, red ones being worth $10, yellow $5, and white $1. William Hayes was auctioneer, and he was such a success that he sold a picture of Pete McClelland for the highest price. After every thing was sold the class spent the rest of the evening visiting—and eating.

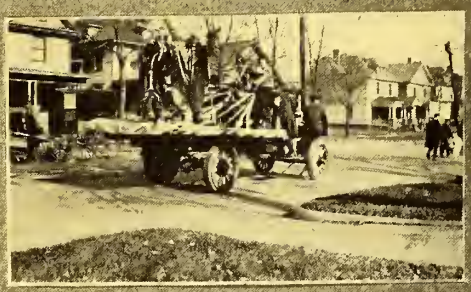
THE CARNIVAL

The noise of barkers, bugles announcing shows, the laughter of merry-makers, the gay colors of masqueraders, the odor of pop corn, hamburgers and peanuts made the post tournament jubilee given Saturday night, March 20th, a happy riotous affair for the crowd which attended.

All up and down the corridors were side shows put on by the sororities and fraternities, which included the Bathing Beauties, the Baby Dolls, Oriental Dancers and moving pictures, throws at the basket ball teams which Millikin defeated in the tournament, besides scores of amusing exhibits brot from "abroad."

Besides the side shows there was a lengthy program in chapel which consisted of stunts put on by the larger organizations. The colored wedding and cake walk which all the "cullud" aristocracy so much love, proved the greatest hit of the evening, altho the whole entertainment at and the music which it commemorated will long be remembered at Millikin.

HOME COMING PARADE.



NO BEER-NO WORK
NO MONEY-NO BEER
COVER ME OVER
WITH
TEN DOLLAR BILLS

HOME COMING
FOOTBALL GAME
SNAKE DANCES.

HISTORY OF MILLIKIN CONSERVATORY

In September, 1903, the School of Music of The James Millikin University was opened with Hermann H. Kaeuper as director. The faculty consisted of three teachers, but by the end of the year, two more teachers were required. There was no Conservatory building and the offices, studios and practice rooms were on the third floor of Liberal Arts Hall and Domestic Economy Building. There was an enrollment of 158 students the first year, but the number increased so rapidly that soon the need of a separate building was felt and in 1910 the Trustees of the Millikin Estate erected the Conservatory building which was opened January 2, 1911. A big step in the growth of the Conservatory was the establishing of the Musical Kindergarten. The first year was an experiment, with Mrs. Fannie E. Hughey, of St. Louis, as director. After this one year, however, Miss Esther Requarth, who had studied the system of color music with Mrs. Hughey, became director.

In 1914, Mr. Max van Lewen Swarthout and Mr. Donald M. Swarthout came to the Millikin Conservatory as Director and Associate Director. Miss Ada E. Lindsay has filled the position of secretary since 1905 with the exception of 1915-1916 and 1916-1917 when Mr. Nellis P. Parkinson was secretary.

Millikin Conservatory is recognized, by authorities, to have equipment and building which equal anything in the United States for music work. The policy of the Conservatory, however, is to emphasize as its most vital and important factor the efficiency of its faculty, and to provide systematic courses of study in accord with the best educational ideas on musical matters.

The faculty consists of men and women with thoro training and experience. The leading teachers have enjoyed the double advantage of study in Europe and America and are artists of more than local reputation. The Conservatory has maintained high standards of scholarship and each year appreciation of the work is expressed by the increased enrollment. The season of 1919-20. with a faculty of 20. has reached the record enrollment of 854 for three terms.

Scholarships

Wih the aim of offering assistance to talented pupils toward obtaining a musical education, each year Millikin Conservatory of Music awards scholarships on a competitive basis. In the last four years, since the first scholarship was awarded, the following pupils have been successful in meeting the necessary requirements: Ruth Brown, piano; Florence Brown, violin, and Gladys Orr, piano. This year two scholarships were awarded; one in piano to Zorah Miller, the other to Bernice Taylor in voice. Zorah Miller studies with D. M. Swarthout and Bernice Taylor with W. B. Olds.

ORATORIO CHOIR

Donald M. Swarthout, Director
W. Elmer White, President
Miss Wilna Moffett, Secretary
F. L. Hydinger, Treasurer

One of the big features in the musical life of Decatur and Millikin is the work of the Oratorio Choir, directed by Donald M. Swarthout, associate director of the Conservatory. Five years ago the first Oratorio Choir was organized in the Second Presbyterian Church and that year presented Handel's "Messiah". The three years following, the choir gave Elgar's "King Olaf", Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Verdi's "Requiem" in the order named. The last mentioned, Verdi's "Requiem" was given in honor of the Soldier dead of Macon county. This year Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha" is being presented in connection with the Tenth Annual Spring Festival of Music of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, May 3rd and 4th.

Coleridge-Taylor, a negro, was born in London, England, in 1875. He began early to study music and in 1893 received a scholarship in composition from Stanford with whom he was studying. Since that time he has been very prominent in the field of music. His Hiawatha was written while he was still a student of the Royal College of Music and consists of three distinct divisions, "Hiawatha's Wedding, Death of Minnehaha and Hiawatha's Departure. Only the first two divisions of this are used. Chadwick's "Land of our Hearts" is used as the opening number on the program. George Chadwick is one of America's foremost composers. His "Land of Our Hearts", a sublime patriotic number. was given last year by the Oratorio Choir in connection with Verdi's Requiem.

ARTISTS' RECITALS

Mrs. Edward MacDowell

On November 24, Mrs. Edward MacDowell, wife of America's greatest composer. gave an interesting lecture recital on MacDowell's works. She won the audience by her pleasing personality. After her program she played several numbers at the request of different members of the audience. The proceeds of the concert went towards the erection of a MacDowell Memorial in Peterborough, New Hampshire, where Edward MacDowell lived and worked. The Memorial is in the form of a colony where musicians may spend their summers and work uninterrupted in the numerous little cottages or studios about the farm. Following the recital, a reception was given for Mrs. MacDowell in the Conservatory by the Alpha Chi Omega and Sigma Alpha Iota sororities. Mrs. MacDowell is a member of the former sorority and she came to Millikin under the auspices of the latter.

Richard Czerwonky

Richard Czerwonky, violinist, gave a delightful program on December 2nd. Czerwonky was for years soloist with the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra and has been heard in Decatur a number of times. At no time was his playing so enjoyed as on this occasion of his recital at Millikin. Appreciation of the artist was shown by the repeated encores which he received. The accompaniments, played by Ruth Bradley, a former Centralia girl, were beautifully and artistically done.

Percy Grainger

On January 8th, Percy Grainger, the famous young Australian pianist and composer, gave an exceedingly interesting program; interesting because he played so many new and modern compositions of living English and modern composers. One group consisted of his own compositions entirely, based on dance tunes from Ireland and England and another depicting scenes of Australia. His absolute rythm was flawless and the tonal quality of his pianissimo passages was exquisite. His great strength and brilliant technic were marvelous.

A reception was given for Mr. Grainger after his recital by the Conservatory, assisted by the Sigma Alpha Iota sorority.

St. Louis Symphony Orchestra

Forty years ago the first efforts made by St. Louis to establish an orchestra resulted in the forming of the Choral Symphony Society. This was a small beginning, but later it increased to forty members who gave several concerts. It was reorganized into the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. In the last twelve years it has developed and grown, raising its standards of orchestra music and its artistic presentation until now it has become one of the leading orchestras of the country. Millikin was given the pleasure of listening to a delightful concert given by eighty of its members under the leadership of the director, Max Zach, on the evening of February 28th. The 'cello soloist, H. Max Steindel, immediately became a favorite by his rendition of Saint-Saen's Concerto in A minor, accompanied by the orchestra. The beautiful interpretation given to each number made the audience reluctant to leave at the close of the concert.

KINDERGARTEN KIDS.

Real Millikinites
both beautiful
and popular

HELEN LOUISE GORHAM

KATHRYN KLINE

JULIA ELIZABETH TILTON

GENEVA GREGORY

LEO T. JOHNSON

PRESTON H. McCLELLAND

DRAMATICS

Two Scenes Taken From Master Pierre Patelin

Scene from Captain Racket

With the good selection of characters the acting for the Dramatic Art Club plays has been excellent. Among the productions given this year have been the Home Coming Plays, Captain Racket and Master Pierre Patelin.

C.W.D.
R.F.D.
M. D.
A.M.
I. I.
I. O. M.

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU

Secretary and Auditor, Calvert Welch Dyer, received a rose on his 25th(?) birthday, with following note:

"May the Leap Year be full of proposals and acceptances for you! The friends on the side lines are watching and waiting and hoping for your ultimate success.

M. D.	I. T.
Y. M.	R. M.
R. F. D.	M. R.
A. M.	S. R. O.
P .M.	E. A.
A. L.	B. V. D.
B. N.	R. R.
B. L. T.	F. B.
M. D.	F. B. D.
E. S.	F. W.
E. R.	N. B.

T. O. M.

Birthday greetings to Calvert from the above.

Of course these initials may mean many things and many people. A. M. for instance, may be Ann Milligan, or it may be morning; R. R. may be Ruth Rodgers or Railroad, and A. N. may mean a nut, and Y. W. your wife, or Y. W. C. A. I. T. may just mean the pronoun or possibly Irene Townsley. T. O. M. couldn't mean much but Treva O. Million, but we thot—, still, one can never tell. Then that M. D. could be medical doctor or Marie Dohm; may you never need or want either because—first, we want our Calvert with us always and—sh-sh!—Marie Dohm told Delia that she always wanted to be a Teke. We have been trying to N. B. and discover which of the fair ladies would be considered the lucky maiden. We solicit your help.

ATHLETICS

THE WILSON TROPHY

Won by the James Millikin University Foot Ball Team 1919-20

Score of Games

Millikin	13	Depauw	7
Millikin	45	Normal	0
Millikin	17	Bradley	0
Millikin	7	Lombard	0
Millikin	34	Eureka	0
Millikin	32	Charleston Normal	0
Millikin	35	Wesleyan	7
Millikin	10	Illinois College	0
Millikin	26	Rose Poly	0
	219		14

Football in Past Years

	Won	Lost	Tied
1903	3	3	
1904	5	3	
1905	6	2	
1906	5	2	1
1907	3	4	1
1908	3	5	
1909	5	2	1
1910	4	4	
1911	7	2	
1912	3	5	
1913	4	3	1
1914	4	3	1
1915	4	1	3
1916	8	0	1
1917	7	1	
1918	4	1	
1919	9	0	
Totals	84	41	9

GRAHAM
Captain

J. MAC WHERTER
Captain-Elect

When the curtain was drawn on the 1919 season, Millikin followers of football, given to indulging in retrospective, decided that Wann's champions, at the height of their strength, were the strongest and best balanced aggregation that the Little Nineteen has ever seen.

Certain it is that seldom has any team won such an indisputable right to be heralded as champions. Throughout the season, in spite of changes in the personnel of the eleven from injuries and other causes, the team won decisively every game on its schedule.

DEPAUW

When Wann and his cohorts journeyed over to Greencastle to clash with Depauw few of Millikin's most optimistic followers gave her more than an outside chance to win. From Greencastle had been wafted alarming reports of a squad of 100 men of whom fifteen were lettered veterans. Yet that night the news came back to Decatur that Millikin, after a desperate battle, had downed the Indiana team 13 to 7.

NORMAL

Normal invaded Millikin field on the following Saturday. A wet, soggy gridiron and a driving rain could not prevent the Blue and White scoring machine from running up forty five points while a stalwart defense kept Normal away from the goal line.

Bailey

Hamilton

K. MacWherter

BRADLEY

A number of hardy radicals accompanied the team to Peoria and saw it humble the northerners with 17 to 0 score. Before this game the J. M. U. followers were fearful lest overconfidence, and not Bradley, would bring defeat. The team was fought hard and received a severe jolting, but won decisively.

LOMBARD

Seven days later Lombard invaded Millikin field brimming with confidence after her scoreless tie on the preceding Saturday with the St. Louis University Billikins. When the final whistle blew the score stood Millikin 7, Lombard 0.

EUREKA

The team played at Eureka on Friday following and ran up 34 points with the opposition scoreless as usual.

CHARLESTON NORMAL

The school teachers were primed and confident. Insidious propaganda had been circulated among the Charleston eleven with a result that the pedagogues were confident that they could win. But they didn't. The final whistle found the entire Second team representing Millikin with the score Millikin 32; Charleston 0. Johnson, the MacWherters, Bailey and Hamilton and the scrub backfield gained at will through Normal's paper line while Turner, McCabeet, etc., were helpless before the Big Blue defense.

Johnson

C. Wise

Goltra

WESLEYAN HOME COMING

Then came Wesleyan, ready to give Millikin the fight of her life. Each incoming train had deposited its quota of old timers and spirit was high. The massed defense of Wesleyan couldn't stop the high powered Millikin machine. Touchdown after touchdown was made until the 35 point mark had been reached. In the second period the Methodist team revived and finally took a forward pass over the goal line for a touchdown the first and only time that the trick was turned by a conference team.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE

The strong Illinois College team remained as the only bar to the championship. For a long time it looked as though the title was going back to Jacksonville. The Millikin team was made up of reserves and cripples so that the Illinois backs gained consistently and continually threatened the J. M. U. goal only to fail at critical times. An interception of a double pass by Young put Millikin in a position to score, Johnson making the touchdown. Johnson added three points by a drop kick and Millikin won 10 to 0.

ROSE POLY

The team closed the season with a 26 to 0 victory over Rose Poly of Terre Haute.

McCown

Gill

Young

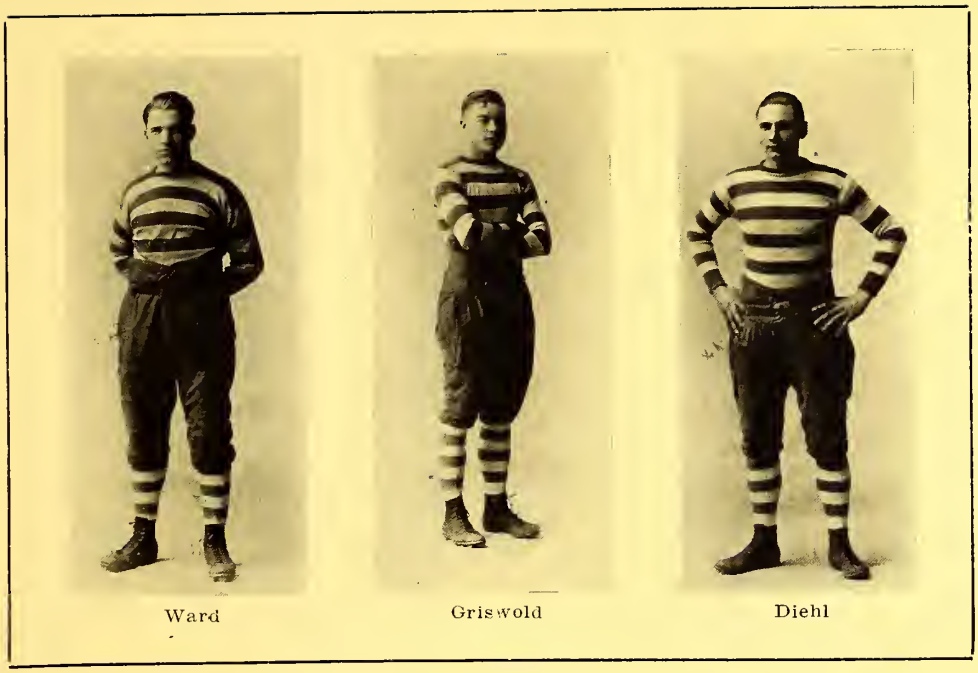
Great Backfield

The backfield was unstoppable. Kile MacWherter, the house mover, was a giant on defense and a bear on offense. His pile driving ability put Millkin over the tight places more than once. No man was more valuable to the defense than big Kile.

John MacWherter and Hamilton were ideal backs for off tackle drives, as both are unusually agile and quick to take advantage of openings. Hamilton was more the plunging type of back while Johnny was adept at picking holes, although he drives with terrific force. Both of these men could skirt the ends with great skill.

Johnson, the quarterback, was a great little general and the best open field runner the Little Nineteen has ever seen. He was fast and unusually proficient in punting and drop kicking.

Bailey, reserve half back and Gepford reserve quarter, were valuable men to the team. Gepford was especially good at manipulating the forward pass while Bailey was a sure ground gainer.



Ward Griswold Diehl

Strong Line

The line from tackle to tackle was big, agile and aggressive. The two tackles, Ware and Goltra, combined experience with speed, strength, fighting spirit and driving power. Ground was never gained off tackle when these men were playing. Adkins and Graham, with Wise playing at center between them, formed a barrier in the center of the line that was well nigh impassable. Adkins and Graham are both stocky and are filled with the never-say-die spirit. Wise at center was an accurate passer, placing the ball exactly where the signal called for it.

The two ends, McCown and Young, were unbeatable. Both are speedy in getting down under punts; both are low sure tacklers; adept at smashing interference. McCown made a name for himself in the conference by his tackling. Ranny was a good man for the forward passing game as he is good at receiving the pass and can hurl the oval with great speed, distance and accuracy. During the latter part of the season he accounted for a number of points by his forward passing ability.

Poskover

Henry

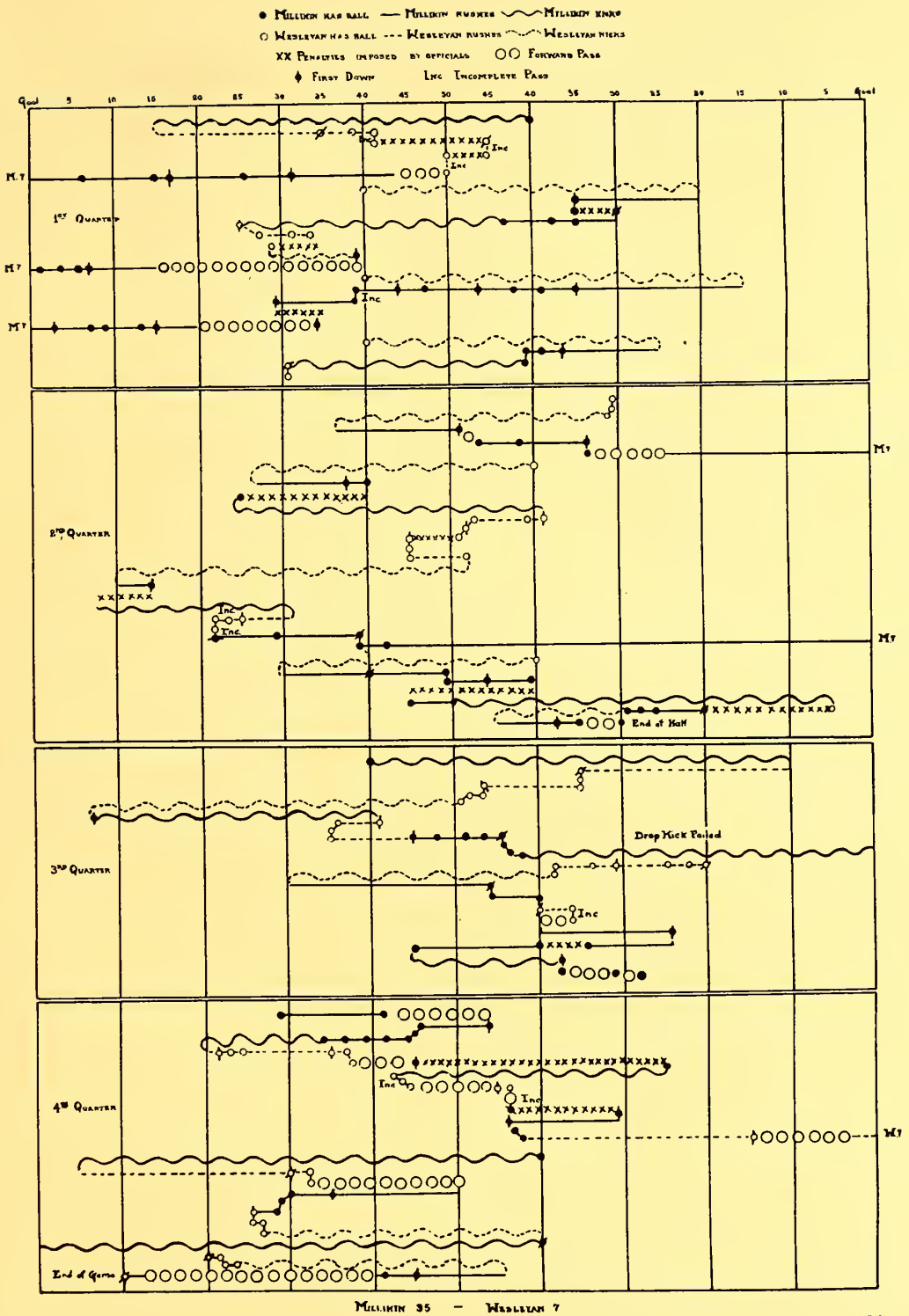
Mayes

OVERSUPPLIED

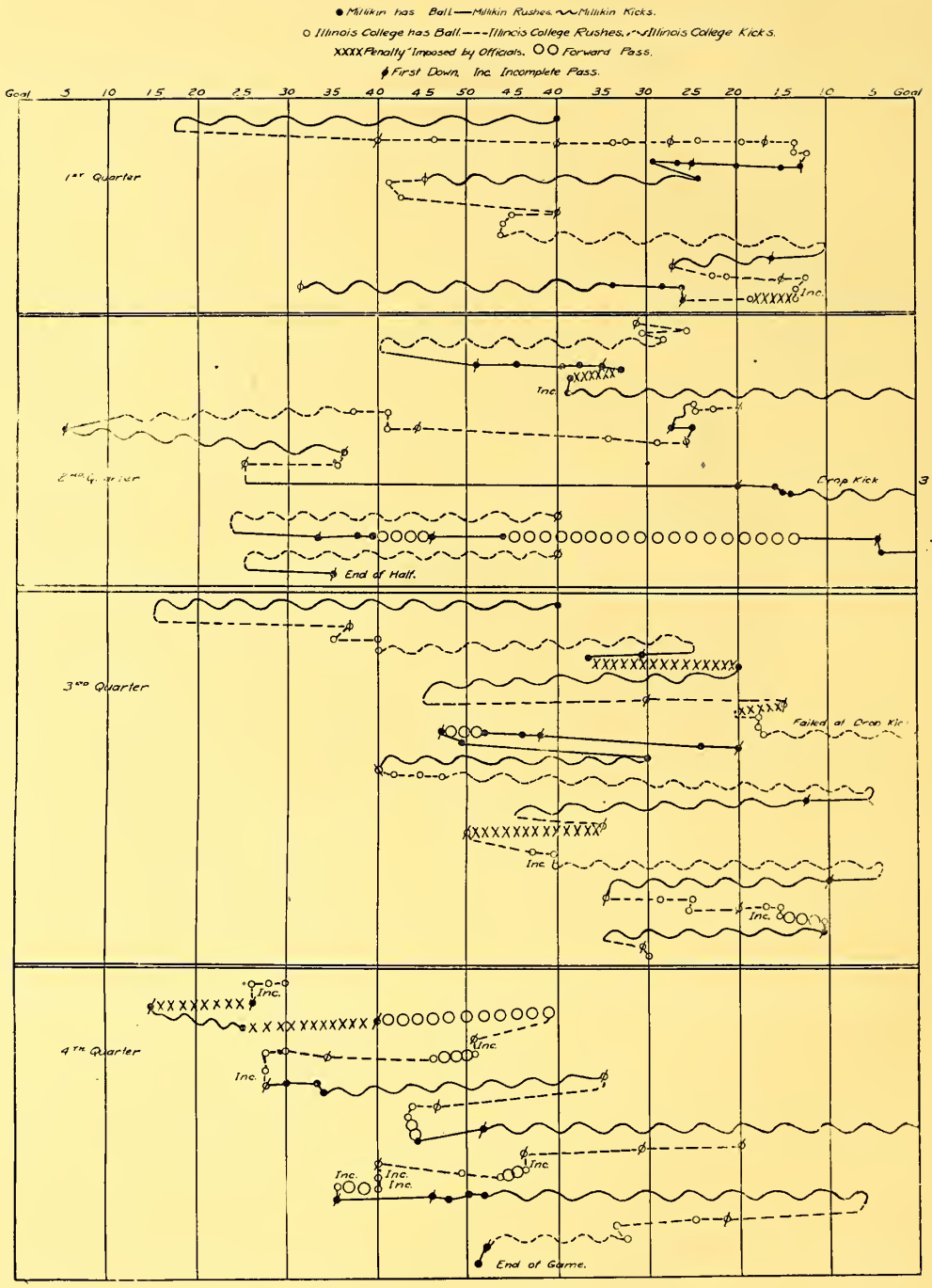
Mayes, Poscover, Keener and Gill, who got into a number of games, were men who would have made almost any other team in the Little Nineteen. Coach Wann simply had an over abundance of material.

The second team, too, deserves a world of credit for the showing made by the 'Varsity. It takes more grit and determination to play scrub football for a whole season with little prospect of making the team than it does to play 'Varsity. The 'Varsity meets a strong team one day in the week. The scrubs meet a strong team almost every day in the week.

And the general concensus of opinion seems to be that many moons will pass before the Little Nineteen will see as high powered a football team as that which won the championship for Millikin scoring 219 points to 14 for the opponents.



Millikin 35 — Wesleyan 7


● Millikin has Ball — Millikin Rushes. ~~ Millikin Kicks.
○ Illinois College has Ball - - - Illinois College Rushes. ·~· Illinois College Kicks.
XXXX Penalty Imposed by Officials. OO Forward Pass.
Inc. Incomplete Pass.
Goal 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 45 40 35 30 25 20 15 10 5 Goal
1st Quarter
Inc.
Drop Kick
End of Half.
3rd Quarter
Failed at Drop Kick
Inc.
4th Quarter
Inc.
End of Game.

Millikin 10 Illinois College

THE RAWLINGS TROPHY
Won by the Champions at the Little Nineteen tournament held at Augustana College, 1919-20.

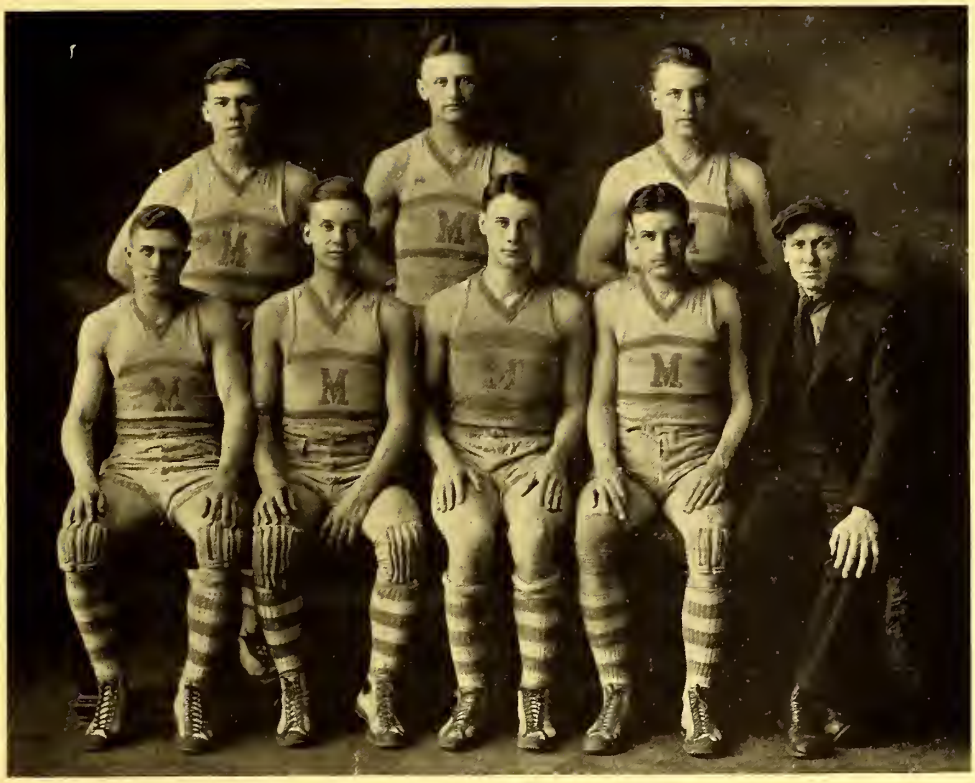
VARSITY GAMES

Regular Season—Nineteen Straight Wins

Millikin	35	Sparks	30
Millikin	44	Sparks	28
Millikin	44	Clinton "Y"	14
Millikin	42	Charleston	13
Millikin	31	Rose Poly	17
Millikin	39	Augustana	20
Millikin	23	Lincoln	8
Millikin	33	Normal	14
Millikin	34	St. Viators	15
Millikin	27	Normal	11
Millikin	39	Wesleyan	10
Millikin	53	Ill. College	15
Millikin	35	Charleston	25
Millikin	40	Eureka	17
Millikin	35	Bradley	16
Millikin	23	Wesleyan	21
Millikin	58	Shurtleff	14
Millikin	51	Hedding	16
Millikin	48	Alumni	18
Total	734	Total	322

LITTLE NINETEEN TOURNAMENT

Millikin	23	Normal	24
Millikin	47	Bradley	29
Millikin	43	Charleston	30
Millikin	44	Normal	21
Millikin	35	Lombard	10
Millikin	33	Bradley	29
Millikin	47	Illinois College	22
Total	272	Total	165



Captain Gill

Poscover

Young

The records show Millikin with 24 victories out of 25 games. Only one team, Normal, succeeded in defeating the Blue and White. This happened in the tournament, after Millikin had won twice from Normal by large scores in the regular season. However, Millikin got a second "crack" at Normal in the tournament, and won decisively 35 to 21.

Much of the team's showing must be accredited to the leadership and basketball ability of Captain Wayne Gill. Besides being an ideal leader Gill was high scorer in the tournament and in the regular season, and played a brand of basketball which, in the opinion of many sports writers, established himself as the greatest player ever seen in the Little Conference.

MILLIKIN BASKETBALL 1920

Preliminary Games

Three practice games were played by the Blue and White team before the opening of the Little Nineteen season; Millikin defeated the Sparks Business College team of Shelbyville on the latter's floor 35 to 30, with only two nights' practice and minus the services of Captain Gill. A return game on Millikin floor resulted in a 44 to 28 victory for Millikin. Another practice game with Clinton Y on the local floor ended Millikin 44, Clinton "Y" 14.

Dunscomb

Bailey

Miller

LITTLE NINETEEN

Charleston Normal opened the Little Nineteen season at Millikin. Playing an easy, accurate passing game on offense and tightening like a vise on defense the Blue team snowed the pedagogues under 42 to 13. The shifty, criss cross style of the Millikin quintet bewildered the Normal guards, Gill, Hicks, Young and Goltra scoring almost at will while Bailey, Goltra and Young effectually subdued the Charleston scoring machine.

ROSE POLY

Rose Poly of Terre Haute was sent back to Indiana with a stinging defeat, the Millikin five winning by a score of 31 to 17.

AUGUSTANA

The "Terrible Swedes" looked the same as all the others to the J. M. U. team which humbled the northerners 39 to 20. The first half ended 16 to 11 in J. M. U.'s favor. Nine field goals made up Millikin's contribution to the box score the second half. The Blue team dribbled, passed and pivoted until they had the Swedes running wild. Gill made some long shots of the ultra-classy variety. Poscover hooked 4 field goals, Gill 6, Hicks 3 and Young 2. Young and Bailey put up a strong defense.

LINCOLN

The Millikin Seconds, playing as a 'Varsity team defeated Lincoln College in the curtain raiser to the Augustana game 23 to 8.

Goltra

Robinson

Knauff

NORMAL

Normal was vanquished on her own floor by the hardy Millikin five, 33 to 14. The game was a nip and tuck affair for the first ten and the score was dead locked for several moments. Gradually, the Millikin wrecking crew began to swing into form as it became more familiar with the floor and they were leading 15 to 7 when the period ended.

At the opening of the second half Arbogast made a long shot to open the scoring. The Millikin five began to find the ring regularly and soon had amassed a comfortable lead. Young went wild and tossed four baskets from back of the center of the floor.

ST. VIATORS

St. Viator's fought to the finish but was simply up against a quintet of heady experienced basketball veterans. The J. M. U. quintet played easy efficient basketball, pivoting and passing accurately in floor work and tightening up on defense. Bailey, at running guard covered the floor in an artistic manner, breaking up the St. Viator team work time after time.

The Gill-Young-Poscover combination was in form and netted basket after basket. Poscover led the scoring with six field goals and four free throws. Captain Gill located the ring five times and Young caged four.

NORMAL

Coach Wann used a new lineup against Normal when they invaded Millikin gym for the second game. Young and Hicks were out of the contest, Bailey, Hayes and Poscover played forwards, with Dunscomb and Goltra at guard positions. This combination scored a 27 to 11 victory.

WESLEYAN

Then came Wesleyan!

Poscover and Young were both out of the game and the Millikin radicals were dubious as to the outcome.

Starting with a rush, Millikin overwhelmed Wesleyan and crushed the Methodists with a score of 39 to 10, in a rough, hard fought game. Led by Captain Gill, the Blue and White five began raining in baskets immediately after the starting whistle, Gill scoring four points before the visitors realized that a game was being played. Millikin scored sixteen points before Wesleyan registered their lone free goal. The Millikin defense was air tight and one point was Wesleyan's sole contribution to the box score the first half. Meanwhile Hank Gill was busy piling up fifteen points with six field goals and three free throws in this period. Bailey counted twice and Robinson once in this period.

Second Half Rough

In the 2nd half Millikin continued to pile up the score reaching the 39 to 10 mark.

Gill Scoring Star

Wayne Gill played one of the best games ever witnessed on the local floor. The tall leader was at his best and made a total of twenty-five points with ten field goals and five free throws.

Robinson and Bailey, Millikin's forwards played great basketball. Robinson hooked four and did his share of the floor work. Bailey, who is by nature a guard, performed in his usual brilliant manner, tossing three baskets, playing a great floor game, and aiding greatly in the defense.

Wesleyan Blocked

Dunscomb and Goltra, guards, aided by the five man defense, held Wesleyan without a field goal the first half and limited them to three field goals the last half. Mace ,the brilliant forward, managed to sneak in a lonely field goal for Wesleyan. Zook was the star for the Methodists.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE

Illinois College was an easy victim, 53 to 15. The Millikin five was in perfect form, every man scoring, Gill taking the lead with 23 points. Young scored 6 field goals, Robinson 2, Gill 9, Dunscomb

3, Bailey 4. The first half ended with the score 23 to 12 for Millikin. Illinois College managed to add three more points while Millikin was simply racing away with the game. Young and Robinson worked well as forwards. Three hundred fans saw the game and Millikin's shots from all angles and at all times brought cheer after cheer.

CHARLESTON NORMAL

The game between the Varsity teams was a hectic affair featured by lax officiating and considerable "rough stuff." In the opening period Charleston scored ten seconds after the initial tip off. On the following tossup Gill took the ball after the jump and tied the score with a long basket from the center of the floor. The count was tied again at four, but from this point on Millikin went into a lead which she steadily increased leading by ten points when the period ended, Millikin 22, Charleston 12. Robinson and Gill were "right" in this period each registering five field goals.

With the opening of the second half Millikin continued her scoring with Ranny Young scoring three long baskets, and the Blue and White team was leading 33 to 16 with ten minutes to go. At this Charleston went on a scoring spree and looped in baskets enough to bring her total up to 25 while Millikin was limited to one field goal, the game ending 35 to 25. In the last few minutes of play the Millikin team confined its work to keeping the ball away from Charleston and they soon had the school teachers running wild.

EUREKA AT MILLIKIN

Millikin's basketball five encountered some stubborn opposition with Eureka in the first half but the Blue and White team found itself the second period and made off with the game with a 40-17 score.

A revamped lineup was the cause of the closeness of the score the first half. The initial Millikin lineup found Goltra at center, Young and Poscover, forwards, and Dunscomb and Gill guards. This combination failed to get results as was evidenced by the score at half time 15 to 10. The period was marked by the lack of co-operation between the J. M. U. men, both on offense and defense. Crocker and Kaminke did a good job of guarding for Eureka and kept the score down.

MILLIKIN GOES TO WORK

The second period found Gill at center, Young and Poscover at forwards and Bailey and Dunscomb at guards. This combination immediately netted two field goals. Eureka braced and replied by scoring five points bringing her total up to 15 within four points of J. M. U.'s score. At this juncture the Blue and White scoring machine began

to adjust itself and the Millikin defense tightened. During the period Millikin scored 23 points while Eureka was scoring 5.

BRADLEY AT BRADLEY

Playing a whirlwind game and allowing Bradley but one lone field goal in the first half, Millikin swamped Bradley on the Peoria floor 35 to 16. Captain "Hank" Gill continued to drop them through the ring to the tune of eight field goals while Poscover came along with six. Gill scored 16 points and Poscover, with three free throws, rang up 15. Young made the other four points with two field baskets.

Bradley was out in force with a band to help the team along. There was rooting and music but the Bradley team could not stop the Blue and White. Millikin time and again carried the ball through their five man defense. Despite the close guarding of Poscover and Gill the score continued to count up and at the end of the half was 22 to 2. The first half was clean cut but the second half was slow and rough. All of the Bradley field baskets were long shots, the Millikin guards completely blocking any offensive play.

WESLEYAN AT WESLEYAN

Staging a desperate rally in the last few minutes of play Millikin's basketball five overcame a four point lead held by Wesleyan, and downed the Methodists with a 23 to 21 score on the Bloomington floor. Wesleyan managed to hold the Blue team 10 to 9 the first half. Wesleyan opened the second period with another basket. After eight minutes of play Poscover was disqualified by four personal fouls. Robinson replaced him. Wesleyan established a four point lead 19-15 with eight minutes to go and the Millikin quintet began a frenzied rally. Baskets by Gill and Young tied the score and Robinson put Millikin in front with a basket making it 21 to 19. Meanwhile Dunscomb and Bailey held the opposition without a field goal. Gill added two more points and Mace made two free throws, the final score being 23 to 21. Gill led in field goals with four to his credit and Young was next with three and Poscover and Robinson got one each. Poscover tossed five free throws.

SHURTLEFF AT MILLIKIN

Scoring at will Millikin's basketball team snowed Shurtleff under with a score of 58 to 14 on the J. M. U. floor. Shurtleff had no defense and little offense and the game was a dull listless affair.

Coach Wann used two complete teams against the visitors, the entire second team playing most of the last half. The Millikin team started piling up the score soon after the initial tip off and was leading 30 to 10 at the end of the first half.

HEDDING AT MILLIKIN

Hedding had an unmarred record as did Millikin, but the Blue team registered a 51 to 16 victory. The Blue and White team played the best basketball of the year, passing, guarding, shooting with accuracy and sureness. The Hedding guards could not offer much resistance to the Millikin scoring machine while the five man defense seemed to bewilder and completely baffle Hedding.

Start With Rush

Poscover sank a long basket immediately following the opening tip off. Before the score boy had changed the score board Max had rung in two more counters. Hedding came back with a field goal and Millikin scored another. Millikin went on a scoring rampage and when the whistle for half time temporarily halted the scoring Millikin had amassed 28 points while Hedding was limited to 5.

In the second half Millikin continued her scoring, while Hedding could make only three baskets. The work of the much vaunted Harbour, who was picked before the game as a rival of Gill, looked like that of a grade school basketball player alongside the brilliant J. M. U. leader. Harbour tossed one field goal and Hunter, the other "star" managed to elude the Millikin guards on only two occasions.

The showing of the Hedding team was a disappointment to the hundreds of Decatur people who packed the gymnasium to the doors in the hope of seeing a regular battle. It was the largest crowd, according to Coach Wann, that ever witnessed a Millikin basketball game. The Millikin band was out in force.

ALUMNI AT MILLIKIN

An alumni team made up of Doherty and L. Kiick, forwards, Lyons, center, and Catlin and E. Kiick guards, lost to Millikin 48 to 18 in a practice game before the tournament.

THE TOURNAMENT

First Place, Millikin.
Second Place, Lombard.
Third Place, Augustana.
Fourth Place, Normal.

Millikin encountered her first defeat of the season when she lost to Normal in the initial game of the tournament 24 to 23, Thursday morning.

Millikin lost thru listlessness, overconfidence and through inability to hit the basket in the first half. After Millkin had a one point lead in the second half Normal won out. Millikin, undefeated throughout the regular season, had defeated Normal 37 to 14 and 27 to 11 in the regular season.

It was nineteen minutes after play started before Millikin was able to hang up her first counter while Normal was locating the basket with regularity, the half ending 16 to 7 for Normal.

Come Back Strong

In the second half Millikin swung into her stride and came back strong, Poscover with a free throw tieing the score 20 to 20 near the middle of the half. Millikin then forged ahead two points when Young dropped one through the loop. Mohr for State Normal again made it a tie 22 all. Poscover came back with another free throw and put the score 23 to 22 for Millikin. With one minute and ten seconds to play Harrison for Normal dropped a field basket for a 24 to 23 score, for Normal. Neither team could break through the guards for another counter.

Hard Game

It was a heart breaking game but Millikin dropped down to the losers' side of the chart fully determined to fight back to the championship round. Millikin's next game was at 8 o'clock Friday morning with Bradley.

The University was stunned upon hearing of the defeat but immediately the old Millikin spirit, which was merely dormant, asserted itself and the college got behind the team to a man. Telegrams urging the team to fight began to pour in to the coach and the members of the squad and did the men a world of good.

BRADLEY

It was a determined bunch of athletes that took the floor against Bradley Friday morning facing the prospect of five games in the remaining two days if the championship was to be won.

The team started on the back track towards the Little Nineteen conference championship by defeating Bradley 47 to 29. Big Max Poscover and Hank Gill simply ran away with the game in the second half with Bradley. Wann's men after their defeat at the hands of Normal Thursday morning came back determined to make a showing that would be a credit to the long line of victories established in the regular season. The first half ended 34 to 15 in favor of Millikin.

Every Millikin man was on his toes and going strong. Gill scoring twenty of Millikin's points while Poscover came along with seventeen more. Big Max dropped in six field baskets while Gill put in ten. Max also landed five free throws. Young was also in the scoring with four field baskets and Dunscomb and Bailey effectually stopped the Bradley attack.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE

Again at one o'clock on Friday afternoon Millikin continued to

hew out a path to the Little Nineteen conference basketball championship by defeating Illinois College 43 to 22. The score at the end of the first half was 30 to 9.

CHARLESTON NORMAL

Millikin's fighting basketeers went into the semi-finals Friday night by defeating Charleston 44 to 30. It was the third vicory of the day for Millikin. Charleston's defeat put Millikin against State Normal in the semi-finals, the team that disposed of Millikin in the first game.

NORMAL

Revenge!!

Millikin got her much longed-for second "crack" at the Normal team in the semi-finals, the team which had defeated them in the first round. The score of 35 to 21 in favor of Millikin tells the story. After obtaining a comfortable lead the Blue team toyed with Normal saving itself for the finals.

The Normal defense could not cope with the flashy work of the Millikin wrecking crew while the Millikin defense was a stone wall. Bailey, however, received a wrenched leg which put him on crutches and kept him out of the finals.

LOMBARD (FINALS)

Coach Wann's tired basketeers finished their three days' grind by turning in a 33 to 10 victory over Lombard in the championship tilt. The team, by this time, was back in its old stride and Lombard was helpless. The Millikin scoring machine could not locate the basket quite as well as usual the first half, which ended 12 to 7, in Millikin's favor.

With the opening of the second period the team swung into real action, and the game was put on ice. Gill and Poscover each registered six times and Young 3. Goltra and Dunscomb at guards held the Lombard offense to three field baskets in the game.

Regarding the tournament one sporting writer had the following to say:

"Decatur people are not aware of the wonderful fighting spirit displayed by the Tribe of Wann in winning the championship. They were at all times before a hostile crowd, but they never gave up. The old Millikin and Decatur crowd was lacking but the fifty or more telegrams received by the fellows gave them all the courage they needed.

"Coach Wann has the best team in the conference and he knew it and had faith in them to deliver.

"Lombard put up a great contest against Augustana in the semi-finals and reached the highest place they have ever attained in Little

Nineteen basketball. There was not any reason why they should have defeated Millikin and they realized it."

ALL STAR MEN

Two Millikin men, Young and Gill, were placed on the first all-star team while Bailey and Poscover were placed on the second team.

SPECIAL WIRE BRINGS RETURNS TO STUDENTS

Millikin students had all the excitement of actually attending the championship game when they leased the long distance telephone wire from Decatur to Rock Island from 9 until 10 o'clock while the championship game was going on.

The university auditorium was filled with yelling, singing students who carried horns, ratchets and other noise making devices.

The returns were received in the office as the game went on play by play. John MacWherter was at Rock Island end of the wire and Carl Head took the returns at the university here.

They were written on sheets which were carried to the auditorium where they were read to the accompaniment of cheers and horn blowing. Preston McClelland and Harold Sampson read the returns and William Hayes started out to take up a collection of $15 to pay for the telephone wire but when he counted the money in his hat found that he had $25.

MARCH TO CITY

After the final score had been received and one of the girl students had pulled the whistle rope the howling crowd of young people formed in line and marched to the business section of the city.

McClelland, Sampson and Roberts climbed to the roof of the transfer house where they stood in the glare of automobile searchlights and led the students in cheer after cheer for the team, the members of the team, the university and for Lombard while scores of automobiles were parked on the square and hundreds of people stood about in sympathetic appreciation of the joy of the students.

Smith

Gill

Duncan

Omer

Joynt

Edwards

Bailey

Millikin had only six entries in the Little Nineteen track meet, held at Peoria, May, 1919. This was the only track meet of year Millikin took part in aid even tho the men had little practice they made a good showing, winning first place in three events.

Illinois College won the meet, scoring fifty points.

Edwards, 1st place, 100 yds. dash; time, 10 sec.

Bailey, 1st place, discus throw; 106 ft., $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.

Gill, 1st place, pole vault; 11 ft. 3 inches.

Wise, 3rd place, javelin throw.

BASE BALL IN PAST YEARS

	Won	Lost		Won	Lost
1904	3	3	1912	10	1
1905	7	2	1913	5	2
1906	7	3	1914	9	0
1907	4	4	1915	4	3
1908	2	4	1916	4	3
1909	3	4	1917	4	4
1910	1	7	1918	4	4
1911	5	4	1919	3	2
				75	50

BASEBALL SCORES

Millikin, 0	Univ. of Illinois, 6
Millikin, 9	Wesleyan, 7
Millikin, 6	Charleston, 0
Millikin, 8	Rose Poly, 2
Millikin, 6	St. Viators, 7

With "Ranny" Young as captain of our 1919 baseball team, and Gill, Cross, Long, Roberts, Ping and other good material to make up the team, we suffered only one defeat from a conference team during the season. One game was played on the Millikin diamond, and that we lost to St. Viators.

Ping

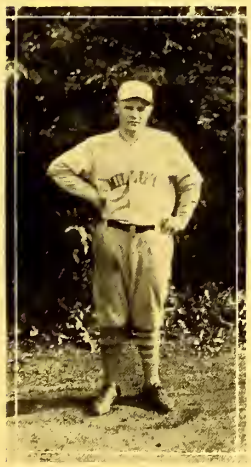
Roberts

Barcroft

Gill

Bailey

Young



MacWherter

Graham

Bennett

Manning

Gill

Lee

At the annual tennis tournament of the Little Nineteen conference held in Peoria, Manning represented Millikin in the singles and Gill and Lee in the doubles.

In the singles Adams of Wesleyan defeated Manning in the semi-finals in straight sets and in the doubles Gill and Lee were defeated by Adams and Rust of Wesleyan in the semi-finals.

Wesleyan won both doubles and singles by defeating Bradley in the finals of both events.

RISLEY

RISLEY

Prof Risley won the faculty tennis title at Peoria by defeating Olson of Bradley in the final round. Millikin had no entry in students golf. The faculty was represented by Prof. Risley who was defeated by Muhl of Wesleyan.

Charles Deetz, a freshman, won the intramural tennis tournament held in October. In the final round he defeated Robinson 8-6, 6-3, 6-1.

Harold Sampson
Yell Leader for the Year 1919-20

GIRL'S ATHLETIC BOARD

Mildred Wiley—Athletic Manager
Lucile Brown—Assistant
Marjorie Sanborn—Senior Member

Mrs. Walker	Miss Grubel
Miss McCaslin	Miss Spencer
Miss Blackburn	Miss Robbins

Each year the sophomore class chooses a girl to be assistant manager of Girl's Athletics. In her Junior year this girl becomes Athletic Manager. By this plan a girl is in charge of Girl's Athletics who has had a years' experience and can fill the office to the best possible advantage.

WOMAN'S ATHLETIC LEAGUE

Anna Mary Mills—President
Dorothy Davis—Vice-President
Gladys Sanders—Secretary
Helen Sharpe—Treasurer

After the basket ball tournament, the girls who took part in it organized for the purpose of forming a Woman's Athletic League. It is their desire to organize Girl's Athletics in a permanent form. Membership in this league may be earned by any girl taking part in some kind of college athletics.

Top Row—Sanders, Barnett, Shawhan, Lohrman, Baldwin.
Bottom Row—McDonald, Brown, Davis.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

Girls' basket ball has gained a foothold at last. Our tournament held February 23-28 proved very successful and created much interest. About sixty girls signed up to play and from these four teams were chosen, one by each fraternity and one by the faculty. Each team played three games. The K. D. X. team won first place. Two "all star" teams were chosen and these two teams played March 18, the "Navy" winning from the "Army" in a close game by a score of twelve to nine.

Top Row—Gerdes, Mills, Parkinson, Hoots, Gorham.
Bottom Row—Simcox, Siedler, Robbins.

Two all star teams:

ARMY

Center:
H. Parkinson, K. D. X.
Running Center:
H. Gorham, Faculty
Guards:
E. B. Robbins, T. K. E.
A. M. Mills, Faculty
H. Hoots, K. D. X.
Forwards:
M. Siedler, Faculty
I. Gerdes, T. K. E.
J. Simcox, S. A. E.

NAVY

Center:
G. Shawhan, Faculty.
Running Center:
D. Davis, K. D. X.
Guards:
V. Baldwin, S. A. E.
E. Lohrmann, Faculty
C. Barnett, S. A. E.
Forwards:
G. Sanders, T. K. E.
L. Brown, K. D. X.
V. McDonald, K. D. X.

Brown

Parkinson

TENNIS

The third intercollegiate tennis tournament for women was held May 23 and 24, 1919. Because of rain it was necessary to use the gymnasium. Bradley, Wesleyan, Lombard and Millikin were represented.

The tournament began Friday morning, Bradley winning from Wesleyan by a score of 4-6, 6-3, 6-2. Since Lombard did not enter, doubles were played the same afternoon. Bradley scored another victory, defeating Millikin by a score of 14-12, 6-4.

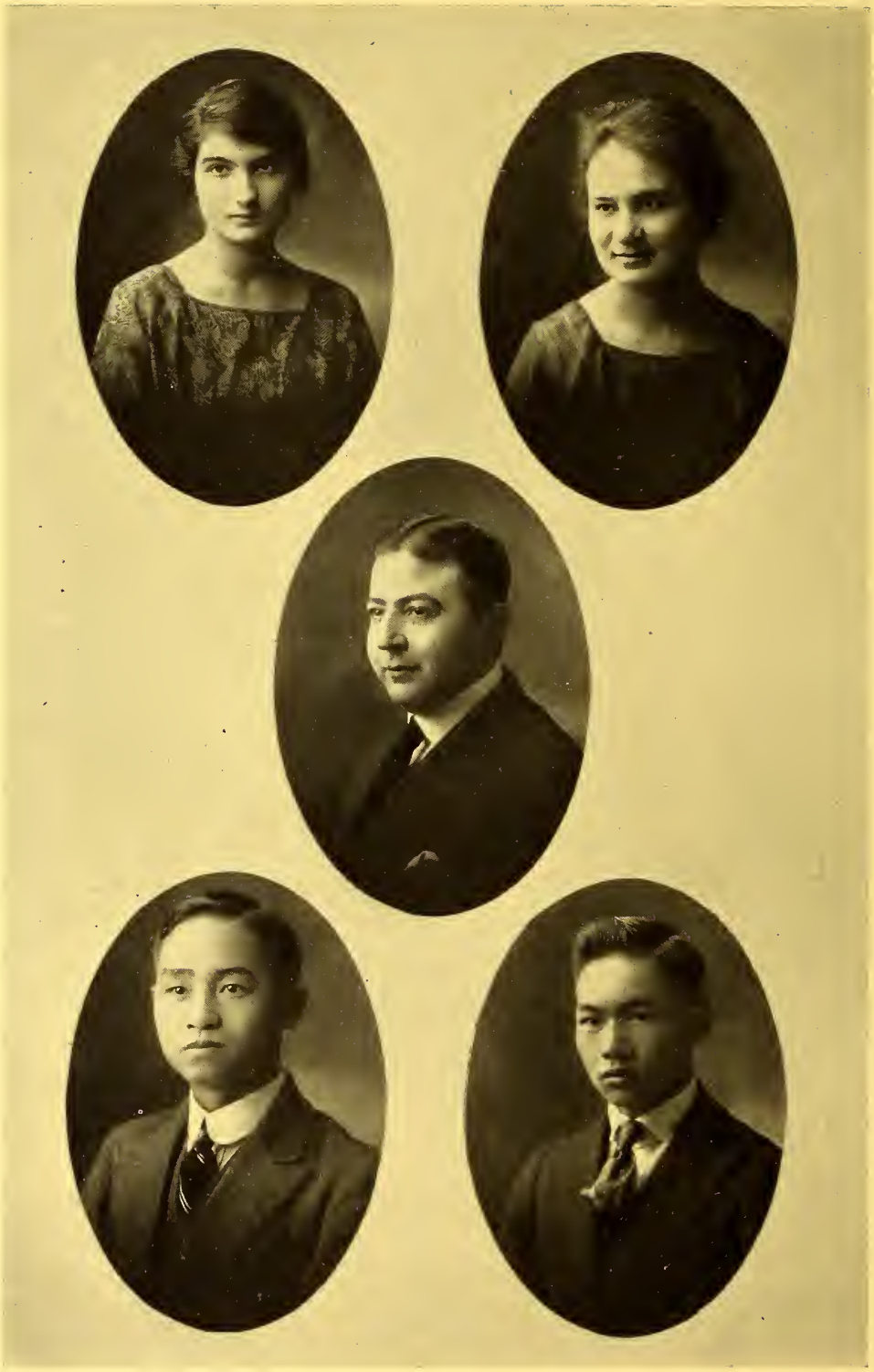
In the first games of singles played Friday afternoon, Millikin lost to Bradley 8-6, 2-6, 4-6.

In the second game of singles Wesleyan defeated Lombard 6-4, 6-4. The final game in singles was played Saturday, Bradley winning the first two sets from Wesleyan by a score 6-4, 6-2.

Bradley won the championship in both singles and doubles. Millikin won second place in doubles and Wesleyan won second place in singles.

Miscellaneous

1919 COMMENCEMENT.



Although the James Millikin University is a comparatively new college, it has already become a cosmopolitan institution. Students have come not only from distant states, but this year we are proud to have enrolled in our college five students representing France, China and Palestine. They are Anne-Marie Baudry and Henriette Moussiegt from France, Kai Yen Ma and Sea Fong Lee from China, and James A. Hamilton from Palestine.

ANNE-MARIE BAUDRY

Anne-Marie Baudry's home is in Paris, France. There she attended a private school and studied English at home. At the age of seventeen she successfully passed her entrance examination to La Sorbonne, the University of Paris, where she was a student for two years. During the war, Paris became a meeting place for all nations and Anne-Marie was greatly interested in this international gathering. When she heard that American colleges were offering scholarships to French students, she decided to apply for one of them so that she might become better acquainted with the people of America. Millikin has gladly enrolled her among its students.

HENRIETTE MOUSSIEGT

Henriette Moussiegt was born in Tarbes, a small town in the south of France which has become famous as the birthplace of Marshal Foch. She graduated from the University of Paris during the first year of the war. She did her "bit" for her country by teaching three years in a boys' school in Normandy, where she took the place of the teacher who was needed at the front. He returned last fall and she has taken the opportunity which the scholarships offered, to come to America, where she too, found a most hearty welcome.

SEA FONG LEE

Sea Fong Lee, who was born in Hong Kong, China, has been in this country for several years. He has attended the Berkeley and San Rafael high schools; Mount Tamalpais Military Academy; the University of the Pacific, 1916-17; the University of California Summer Session 1917; the University of Illinois 1917-18; the University of Chicago Summer Session 1919. After he graduates this June from the James Millikin University, he will spend a few months in New York, Boston and Philadelphia in order to study the foreign mercantile trade. He will return to China by way of England and France and will go into business with his father in Hong Kong.

KAI YEN MA

Kai Yen Ma was born in the province of Chekiang, China. After finishing primary school there, he went to Peking where he took a four year course in Chin-Shih Middle (High) School. During that time he had a two years' course in Bible under John R. Lyons, a Millikin Alumnus. He entered the James Millikin University in 1919-1920 and will probably finish his education here.

JAMES A. HAMILTON

Mr. Hamilton, who is of Syro-German parentage, was born in Jerusalem, Palestine, where he received his early training. He has had seminary and college work in Chicago and will graduate this year from the James Millikin University.

He says, "I shall be proud, in a year hence, to join the ranks of American citizens. I look to America as the political and economic savior of the world, and the torch-bearer of Democracy."

Calendar

April 2—

A missionary from India speaks at Y. W. C. A. She is so charming we all desire to become missionaries at once.

April 4—

"Daughters of Men" presented by the Dramatic Art Club, the first of a series of plays.

April 5—

Alpha Chi Omega dance. Punch is served! The supply runs out before the end of the evening.

April 10—

Mumps.

Clyde Hart is selected to coach the Senior play.

April 11—

Julia Tilton is new Y. W. C. A. president.

"Evening of Opera" is given by the Conservatory students under the direction of Mrs. Rose A. Borch

April 12—

Sigma Alpha Iota dance.

April 14—

Ruth Brown recital.

April 15—

Girls' Glee Club concert.

April 18-22—

Easter vacation—short but sweet.

April 23—

Everybody weeps in chapel. Farmer Clinton File plays a mournful tune on an alto horn. "His boys" sing several songs.

April 24—

Regular Thursday Chapel sing. Some of the student body show lack of mental efficiency.

Kappa Delt tea. They serve ice cream. Everybody comes.

Men's Glee Club concert. As an encore, Risley and a few others are lauded in song.

April 25—

Dr. Hessler beams. Lieutenant Herbert Hessler speaks in chapel.

Second play of the Dramatic Art Club—"Let's Get Married."

April 28—

Tri Delta dance.

April 28—

Pi Mu Theta initiation and banquet.

April 30—

Corporal Finley Campbell sings for us in chapel.

May 1—

Mass meeting to discuss having Prexy's portrait painted.

Zeta Tau Alpha tea.

May 2—

Freshman-Sophomore mental scrap over ice cream affair. Sophomores decide to pay Freshmen seven dollars in order to have peace and harmony once more.

May 3—

Pi Phis have Founders' Day banquet and dance.

May 6—

Brown debate. Harold Lucas wins the prize.

May 7—

The ever alluring charms of a passing band causes craning of necks in the library.

May 8—

Third Dramatic Art Club play—"Husbands on Approval."

May 9—

T. K. E. dance.

Senior Reception. Fortunately the T. K. E. Senior doesn't dance.

The Alpha Chis entertain their base ball men.

May 10—

Junior-Senior banquet at the Hotel Orlando.

Some Alpha Chis venture to spend the week end at Faries. They neglect to take food with them.

May 12—

Otis Skinner comes to Decatur.

May 13—

Alpha Chi Founder's Day banquet.

Freshmen and Sophomores entertain D. H. S. Seniors. Who doctored the punch?

May 14—

Y. W. C. A. holds its meeting out on the campus.

May 15—

Freshman tea. A committee had to be appointed to find some guests.

Rumor of an official cut day.

May 16—

Dr. Hessler finds a poster on his door step announcing official cut day. No classes by order of the Student Council.

May 17—

Kappa Delt dance.

May 20—

Numerous meetings of the Freshmen-Sophomore contest committee. At last it is decided to have the contest at eight o'clock.

May 21—

The Juniors come to Chapel disguised in the Seniors' caps and gowns. Prexy is fooled until he sees the Seniors adorning the front row in the balcony.

May 22—

Rain.

Professor Cole makes a report of the Athletic Board treasury. Dr. Hessler calls time on him but he is unmoved.

May 23—

Rain.

In speaking of raising the endowment fund, Prexy says he knows of a nice young woman who is still single and runs a large farm. He will give her name and address on request.

Z. T. A's brave the weather and have a dance at Faries.

Tennis tournament begins—under shelter.

May 24—

The Alpha Chis give up their picnic plans in despair and have a dance at the Elks instead.

Exams loom up in the distance.

May 26—
Serious faces. Exams begin.

May 27—
Exams!

May 28—
More exams!!

May 29—
First issue of the Millidek.
Signs of relief on students' faces.
Packing begins.

May 30—
Annual Spring Exhibit.

May 31—
Academy commencement at Kaeuper Hall.
Second issue of the Millidek.
The last but not least of the Dramatic Art Club plays, "Passing of the Third Floor Back."

June 1—
Baccalaureate services in Millikin chapel.
Founder's Day exercises and memorial services in the afternoon.

June 2—
Class Day.

June 3—
Commencement.
Alumni luncheon.

SHOPPING

MR. AND MRS. H. S.

KITTY AND HELEN

MISS JONES

MOST BASHFUL MEN AT J.M.U.

RUTH MUIR

NAZIMOVA

JERRY

BOBBIE

EVA

MARY

The same being the observations and casual philosophies of me, one Johnny Jenkins, as I have meandered thru the various vicissitudes and events of this particular college year.

Sept. 15—My first plunge into these chill waters of literary endeavor. Things aren't bad yet, but look as tho they might develop into most anything.

I wonder what the angry mob wants; maybe information.

The University opens (that explains little Johnny's presence). Ye Gawds! look at the fresh:

Some with pa, and some with ma,
and some all by their lonesome.

The year bids fair to be prosperous.

Sept. 16—Well, here's Johnny again; another day's gone and its time to do my second little trick. This job's a puzzle to me—wonder if you wouldn't like some clever stuff?

Fresh keep on coming, the longer they come the worse they get—wonder who raked this gang in!

The old timers also troop in; more danged osculation being registered! Ex-service smattering longs for the former days—in the Army 'twas never thus.

The old timers also troop in; more danged osculation being registered! Ex-service smattering longs for the former days—in the Army 'twas never thus.

Sept. 17—I rather presume I'd better return to information. Something tells me I wasn't nearly so clever yesterday as I imagined I'd be.

The mob registered yesterday. It looks as tho we'll have ten or fifteen hundred, counting in the Conservatory.

Y. W. C. A. blew themselves to a walkout for the Fresh feminines, Fairview Park; wieners and watermelons were served.

Today we congregate in Chapel to learn of the fallacies of hair cutting.

Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling to be back in these parts?

Sept. 18—I'm beginning to feel like a veteran at this job—don't believe I'll even need an introduction to my little daily do's after this contribution.

DON'T JOIN A FRATERNITY

before consulting us.

Specially Conducted Tours Through the House

SEE OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE AT THE TRAIN

S. A. E.

FACULTY AT HOME AND ABROAD

Camp Fire girls give a lunch party.

College Supply Store experiences brisk business.

Masculine rushing flourishes.

Sept. 19—Y. M. and Y. W. reception.

We didn't draw such a very bad lot, did we? Most of the fair ones appear to be sweet damsels, some are even pretty, and a motley few evidence signs of sophistication. Oh, yes, it looks as though we'd have an interesting season—a very interesting season, young men, a very interesting season!

Alpha Chi's have a slumber party. Question, sir, what's a slumber party?

Can you beat these inquisitive freshmen boys? Moreover, little Johnny never attended such a party, how's he to know?

Sept. 20-21—I've been too busy these days for remarks, but haven't found yet what the nature of these slumber parties may be.

Darn, ain't girls reticent?

Sept. 22—Rushing invitations are sent out. The frosh gents don't quite comprehend this term "rushing."

Sept. 23—First day of rushing. Young women of the green, green pastures, you never previously knew of your supreme virtues, did you? If honey were money, wouldn't you be just too rich?

Sept. 24—The lid is clamped tight on haircutting. A little blood's been spilled, and a goodly portion of bad blood's been brewed—a custom's a custom; the Frosh and Sophs subside.

Sept. 25—Class meetings. We Juniors get a good start.

Sept 26—Million Dollar Endowment Parade. Frosh subscribe a hundred per cent. and proceed to tell the world about it—may Heaven's blessing rest upon them.

Alphi Chi rushing dance. Little Johnny's seen Decatur before, but never as tonight. A downright clever dance, be'dad.

Sept. 27—Now the real rush begins. Grab a hold on your little selves, fellows, jiggle a vicious pedal appendage, and do your durndest to impress these new girlies. Gosh dang! won't it be great?

Tri Delt Colonial Luncheon.

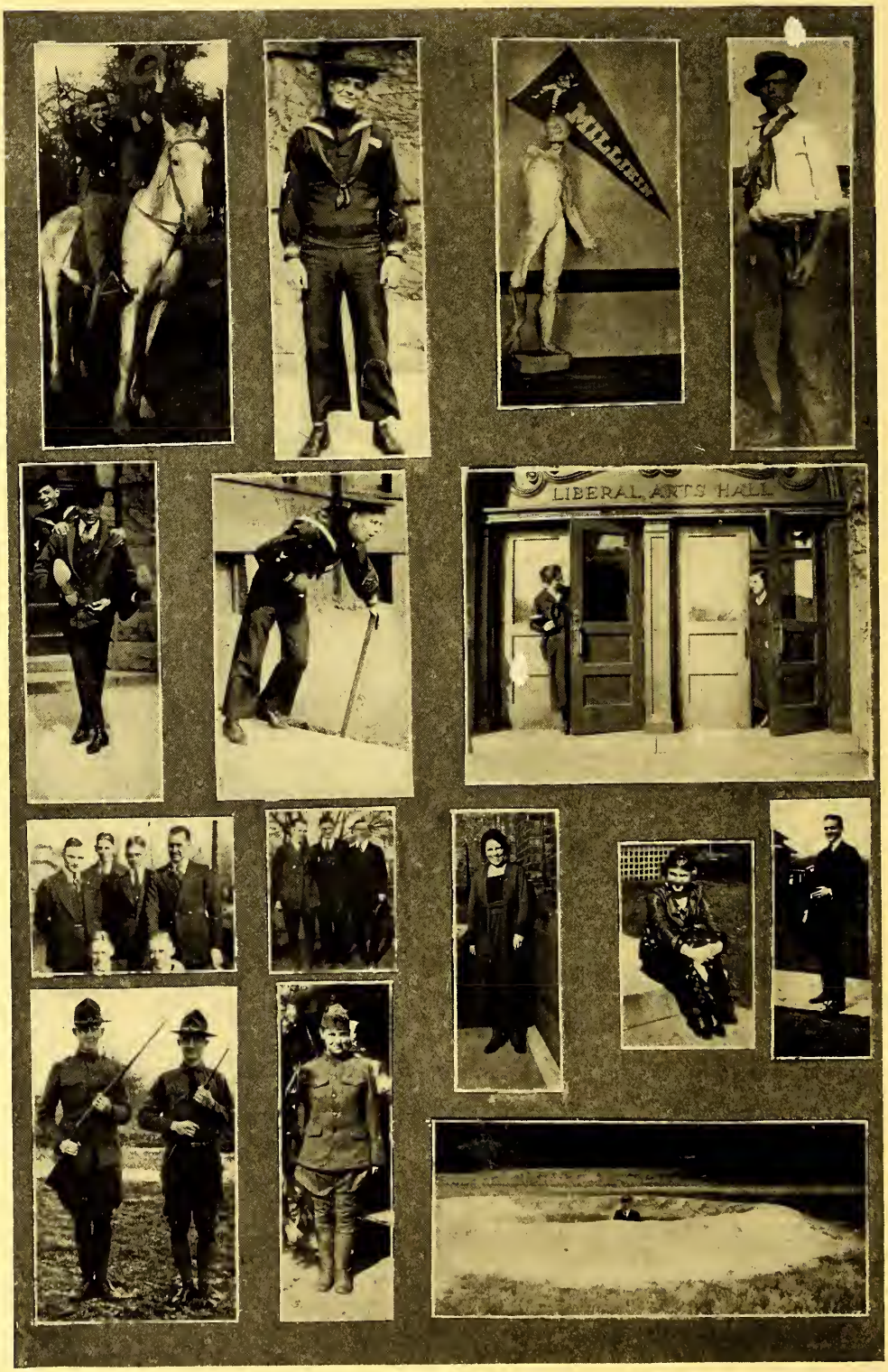
Zeta Tau Chicken fry at Nelson Park.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Wanted—A longer ladder. Kline and Swartz.

Wanted—A master hand to manipulate a master key at Aston Hall. Good only after 10:30 p. m.

Will the student who took the fountain pen from chapel (section C) Tuesday please return to office. Conklin pen. No question will be asked. M. M.


MILLER
LIBERAL ARTS HALL

To Millikin Students and Those Interested In Millikin

IF you are interested in Millikin and Millikin activities, read the advertisements in this book, and patronize and boost the firms who make it possible for the Millidek to be published.

— The Junior Class
Publishers of the
1920 Millidek

Pi Phi rushing dance at the Country Club.

That's not half bad for a start.

Sept. 28-Oct. 1—A general combination of the grand rush. Little Johnny and his department staff are kept plenty busy aiding wherever needed, and recuperating between spasms. You'll pardon us, please.

Oct. 2—Leo Johnson is elected president of our little old Junior class by unanimous proclamation.

Miss McCaslin feeds her short story prospects on clammy, green gum drops—All are happy and well at this writing, thank you.

Oct. 3—Chapel seats are distributed.

Coach Wann takes the football team to Mattoon for the night.

Delta Delta Delta gives a dance at the Country club.

Oct. 4—The Coach gets his team all the way to DePauw and trims the huskies of that institution 13 to 7.

Two more dances last night, Z. T. A. and S. A. I.—well, the rush is nearly over!

Oct. 6—I didn't write yesterday, did I? Sunday, that's why; I never work on Sunday.

Treva Million returns from Chicago to find Millikin still here but badly upset because of her continued absence.

Oct. 7—Coach Wann and Prof. Risley speak in Chapel. Miss Hoffman, mission enthusiast from India, delivers a snappy postlude.

Oct. 8—Jenny Long sings merrily throughout the live long day.

Given: the effect
To find: the cause
'S b'yond me, Sister, 'S b'yond me!

Oct. 9—Sorority bids are answered.

Oct. 10—Phenomenon: all inmates of Organic Chem. Lab. visit the aforesaid Lab. in the course of one and the same afternoon.

T. K. E. alumni gives a dance at the Country club.

F. Wilmeth leads singing in Chapel.

Oct. 11—

A slushy game on a slushy field
With never a team to oppose us.
We drubbed them good, till over they reeled;
Forty-five-zero we score us.

Editor's Note: (Our first attempt, ain't it neat?)

Poor old Normal!

There was a young lady named Traver;
She wasn't a very big shaver.
One day Charles came up,
With a cute little pup,
And Dotty, she said, "Well, by Jaber"!

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WE are showig a handsome line of 12 size Thin Model Watches in 20 year gold filled cases as well as 14kt solid gold cases with 17, 19 and 21 jewels, ranging in price $20, $25, $30 and up to $85. Also a handsome line of ladies' bracelet watches in gold filled and solid gold from $15.00.

FRANK CURTIS COMPANY

156 East Main Street

LAKE GENEVA MILLIKINITES.

Oct. 12—Sunday today; everythings dead-like.

Oct. 13—T. K. E. chapter calls on Mamma Aston's new inmates. Byron Smith sings; everyone enjoys the evening as usual.

Awful cold this morning, though!

Oct. 14—Fredarieka Green sings delightfully at Chapel. She is liked.

Oct. 15—We push carefully to school through the foggy dew.

Prof. Risley curtails chapel period for the benefit of his Frosh, who just must have a class meeting.

Oct. 16—Editorial staff struck today—nothing to do, but try to get 'em back at work for tomorrow's contribution.

Oct. 17—Pep meeting in chapel.

Wann speaks.

Prof. Swarthout leads a bit of community singing, we being the community.

Oct. 18—Forty-nine of us (by actual count) go to Peoria and out yell two hundred Bradleyites. Tha's a old Pep!

We trim 'em too, 17-0

Oct. 19—

"Today is sacred sabbath;
Ten o'clock the hour—
And dark the half-day.
The kitchen of the dorm, the setting,
And there
In silken sheen of mighty garb adorned,
Dean Walker and our charming Emmy Bates
The humble fly do swat,
So I am told, at least,
And that by those
Who swear the orgy to have seen!"

Oct. 20—Millidek Board meets; we debate pertinent points. Some of us do have the cleverest ideas,—and I speak both modestly and sincerely, for I am not among the few indicted.

Miss Beckett's sick, as is li'l Esther also;

Poor dears,—and luck, toiling chem. frosh!

Oct. 21—Nothing much happened today.

Still, we had a pretty good pep meeting—Karl Madden, and the Coach, and we.

TESTS—BEFORE AND AFTER

The Lord of Hosts
Be with us yet,
Lest we forget,
Lest we forget.

The Lord of Hosts
Was with us not,
For we forgot,
For we forgot.

Linn & Scruggs

"FAMOUS FOR QUALITY SINCE EIGHTEEN SIXTY-NINE"

Accessories that Add to the Summer Costume

Summertime calls for bags, beads and gloves of a light and frivolous nature. Almost forgotten are the dark accessories that fitted in so nicely with Winter apparel. Of white kid appliqued with patent leather are summery handbags, or of gay beads in pouch style. Gloves are long, light and crushable. Beads are interestingly strung on silken cords with quaint medallions to finish them. One can spend time profitably acquainting oneself with all the newest things to be had.

Of special interest at this time is the showing of party dresses and accessories. Be sure to see this line before buying needs for the events of Commencement week.

For Everything in Drugs---

Trade at Central Illinois' Greatest and Busiest Drug Store

The Decatur Drug Co.

343-355 North Water Street

QUALITY --- VARIETY --- PRICES --- SERVICE

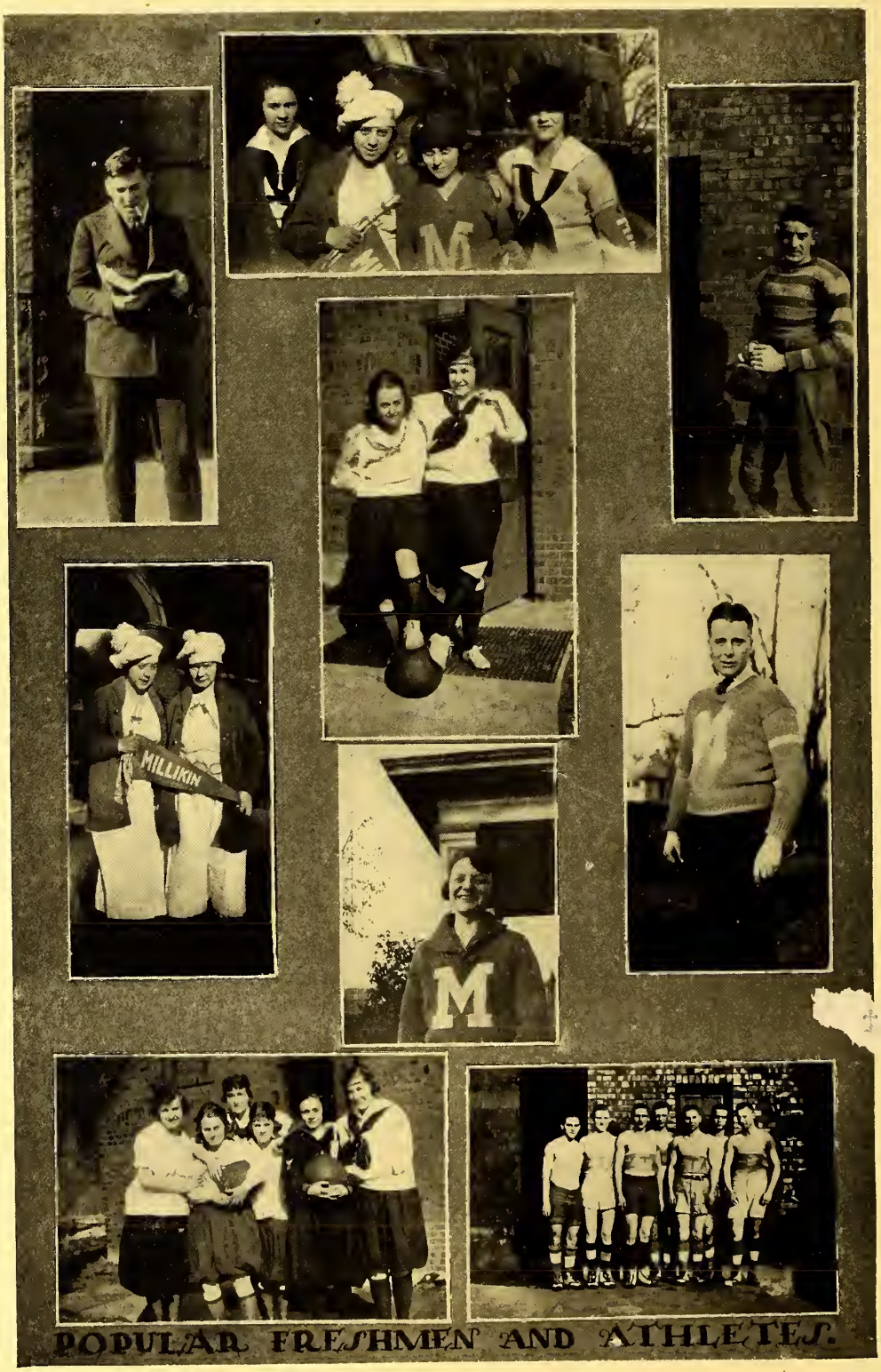
We are in business for your health

STUARTS, on Lincoln Square

Wish to thank Millikin Faculty and Students for their patronage and support during the past school year. We wish you all a vacation full of happiness and pleasure and on your return to school you will be welcomed at

STUARTS, on Lincoln Square

"Where the good things to eat come from"



POPULAR FRESHMEN AND ATHLETES.

ASTON
HALL.

Oct. 22—We attend Chapel and learn of the cow who licked the straw stuffed calf and, after having licked through the calf, ate the straw therein. Dr. Kelso's the author.

Oct. 23—Pi Mu Theta tea,—Oh, boy! apple tea and doughnuts.

George Proctor and his lieutenants gather funds for the Roosevelt Memorial drive.

Oct. 25—Decatur-Millikin Day.

Twenty car loads of us shoot up the town with a tin pan parade.

Lombard loses a Football game 7-0; we win it.

K. D.s stage a dance at the Elks.

We sing at the Lincoln Square; Decatur hears "Alla Rah" and "I want to go Back to Millikin."

Oct. 26—We all turn our clocks back to Christian time, so early in the morning as the raindrops tumble down.

Oct. 27—The forty-eighth hour of rain of the twenty-sixth and seventh dispensation splatters o'er us.

Oct. 28—Mr. Bentley Bell, representing the Columbia phonograph company, sings of the Indians, the Cowboys, and the colored folks—sources of our true American folk songs.

Oct. 29—Dr. Hall speaks frankly of intimate and potent matters. He meets the men alone, the women alone, and in the evening, both men and women together.

Oct. 30—Seniors rather ball up proceedings in their endeavors to select commencement invitations. Beastly mess, that; give us Tarkington's "Turmoil".

Y. W. C. A. serves tea.

Oct. 31—Annual Hallowe'en Masquerade Frolic. Some of us mask; others of us buy box seats and watch the drama of care-free gayety.

Eureka is humbled 34-0.

Nov. 1—

Most of us,
Look sunken-like
But still hang on
To duties, feeling sure
That time and with it sleep
Will in the end
A sturdier sense of power instill.
Too much Hallowe'en!

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STUDENTS

Regarding financial and business transactions. . . . . .

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"CLEO."

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ORPHANS

SMILES

AMAZEMENT

HIS LAST TWO BITS

A SWIFT GUY

Nov. 2—

Rain and with it, threat'ning clouds
Have gone apace and in their stead,
Have left a royal, beaming bit
Of time and sunshine—Sabbath Day.

Nov. 3—Hap Wann enjoys a tempting offer from the Zecho Slovaks, the Roumanians, the Italians, and other tribes too numerous to mention.

Hap being a good sort, we hate to see him go—East.

Nov. 4—Tryout for the Homecoming Play— Oh, girls! isn't this exciting! Bless them, they were charming in their fright, and nervousness, and fall dresses.

Dr. Gilkey of Chicago University speaks well and cleverly; we like him.

Nov. 5—Maxey Sugg keeps digging for a special train to Charleston—and gets it, yes-siree, and then some! Ata boy! Maxey.

Nov. 6—Art Club gives a tea in their redecorated Art room.

Nov. 7—Dr. Taylor, former president of the University, delivers farewell address preparatory to his departure for the West and the winter.

The fullness of ripe old age possesses a weight of influence beyond that of the strongest exhortation.

Tri Delt dance.

Nov. 8—We go to Charleston two hundred strong, show the town some pep, and proceed to besmirch the best team Charleston ever possessed, 32 to 0

Mr. and Mrs. Irving give a dance for the active chapter of Alpha Chi Omega.

Nov. 9—We, the staff, drop down South Water Street to get religion. The Holy Rollers convene in those parts.

Nov. 10—We hesitate at the threshold of the coming day—hesitate to commemorate it through concerted action. Shall Armistice Day pass shipshoddy, or rightly marked?

Nov. 11—Johnny reveries:

One year ago today, and we
Were elsewhere than the present finds us.
Yet the world does soon forget,
And the part thereof, in fact, has never known
The greater things of war.

Scene at Aston Hall—in the parlor.
They were seated on the davenport. Suddenly a squeak (feminine) and—
"Oh! There's a mouse right in that crack"!
"Why, that's only my ear-puff," said Mary Mac calmly.

Nov. 12—Homecoming's coming.
The stage is being set,
A newer work to be produced
In newer ways than heretofore.
Nov. 13—Homecoming's still coming.
We divide ourselves, as classes should,
And meditate a bit
Upon the possibilities
Of our united efforts,
Looking forward, as we do,
To Saturday.

Nov. 14—Reception and Homecoming playlets. Of these latter, we are wondering

Wherein lies the true expression of progress, if not in newness actualized?

Nov. 15—HOMECOMING.
Involving
A grand parade
After Chapel
And then
Dinner
Followed later
By Wesleyan
35 to 7 (US)
And later still
By gatherings, and
Eats, and glad grads,
And all such appurtenances of

HOMECOMING

Nov. 16—Being short of news, the slave of this bunk travels.

Nov. 17—Continuing to be short of news, the previously mentioned slave supplements his travels with a rabbit hunt.

Nov. 18—Here's Johnny, back at the old grind with no excitement yet.

Nov. 19—Dr. McFadyen delivers an oration.

Well hear, and hearing, yearn for other stamping grounds.

Nov. 20—"Cappy Ricks", the best of the season, drops in at the Lincoln Square.

"Have you met the Kangaroo Twins"?
"Who"? "J. and R."
"Why"? "Have you seen them dance"!

The Princess CONFECTIONERY

—Our delicious home made Ice Cream, Ices, and high grade candies are unexcelled.

—Refreshments of all kinds.

—Our box candy is absolutely fresh and of the best quality.

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DECATUR'S GREATEST
CLOTHING STORE

Folrath & Folrath

211 North Water St. — *"Shoes that Satisfy"*

Class attendance is slightly increased by the good work of the advance agent.

Nov. 21—Don Robinson joins the ranks of the popularly ostracized.

A trifle more is oft too much;
The humble slaves of courtesy
May push aside the binding thongs
Of chivalry and stifle full
This priggish tenuity of feminine concert.

Nov. 22—We win the Little Nineteen Football Championship.

Illinois College comes three hundred strong to watch her team tumble 10 to 0.

Nov. 23-24—The staff and little Johnny are taking a rest.

Nov. 25—Lisle Brown turns up minus that half crown pearl parallelogram indicative of K D X fraternal affiliation.

Nov. 26—Last day of football practise.

Little wonder at the many smiles.

Nov. 27—Thanksgiving Day.

We enjoy our vacation; incidentally we accept the better end of a 26 to 0 score, with Rose Poly as chief mourner.

Nov. 28—A few students hang around to give excuses for the continuation of classes.

Alpha Chi pledge dance.

Nov. 29—We experience our first touch of Winter.

John Leek is found in a lethargic mood.

Nov. 30—Homecoming—from Thanksgiving vacation.

Those naughty Parkinson sisters play chess—on Sunday—right in Mamma Aston's parlor! Darn!

Dec. 1—The coal pile runs low; we question the engineer.

"Enough to run until tomorrow night"—S'nuff said, we didn't even know we had a coal pile before.

Dec. 2—Richard Czerwonky, violinist, plays well in the first of the Artist's Series.

Dec. 3—Cold.

Dec. 4—Colder.

MODERN POETRY OF MOTION

The orchestra softly played "Kiss Me Again."

Helen gazed into Don's eyes and breathed a sigh. "Your dancing is like a poem," she said.

"Yes, yes, go on," he murmured.

"An Amy Lowell poem; the feet are all mixed up," she answered.

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DECATUR, - - ILLINOIS

Dinner Parties, Dances, Formals, Luncheons,
Special Attention Given to Millikin Functions

FIRE PROOF

Refined and Quiet Surroundings

Fred and Harry W. Van Orman, *Props.*

Dec. 5—Colder still,—than moving, or as you like it.

Dr. Griggs lectures. A great mind working with wondrous ease, we would say, and hope to be free from presumption.

Dec. 6—Too cold for coal.

We go home, some happy, some sad, but all in a hurry.

So long, old desk, Little Johnny's going home to mamma and the base burner. Still, we are wondering now if our working hours are not the shortest of all.

Dec. 29—School re-opens; Johnny's back.

We tumbled in yesterday; we're tumbling in today; those of us who won't tumble in tomorrow may as well fall for a final reckoning.

Little Johnny spent all vacation figuring on this re-opening; something new, ain't it?

Dec. 30—Sparks Business College runs up from Shelbyville—
Two basket ball teams
A bunch of rooters
Much unnecessary screaming of interested feminines
A good practice game—
Sparks Business College runs back to Shelbyville.

Miss McCaslin—"Why were you tardy"?
Helen Jones—"Class began before I got here."

Said A 2 B: "I C U R
inclined to B A J."
Said B 2 A: "Ur mind, I C
shows signs of slight D K."

There was a clipping on the bulletin board referring to the popular failure of the modern man to remove his hat when talking to a lady. Only the failure referred to prevents our pointing out some concrete examples.

Nervy Men:

The fellow who borrows your dress suit to take your girl to the dance.

The Prof. who borrows your pencil to mark you "F."

There was a young woman named Hooper
Who wasn't so much of a looker,
But she had the dough
And one day a beau
Dropped in at her home and just took 'er.

Harold Porter's dad: "Son, you get rid of money faster than any fellow I ever knew."

Harold: "I know Dad, but listen: by getting rid of it quickly, I save lots of time, and time, you know, is money."

The LARGEST and MOST COMPLETE SHIRT SHOWING in Decatur

HABERDASHERS HATS CAPS

We store, crate, pack and ship household goods.

Old Rugs look like new, when dry cleaned or shampooed by us.

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320-350 E. Cerro Gordo St.

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Complete Homefurnishers.
Out of the high rent district.
We save you money.

Kind and courteous treatment, by careful painstaking and efficient help.

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H. S. GEBHART Co.
GREATER DECATUR'S GREATEST STORE

Queen Quality Shoes Proves Their Worth

—in the fine service they render
—in their glove-like fitting qualities
—Queen Quality styles in pumps and oxfords are setting the pace this season

$6.50 to $10.00

Dec. 31—"Years may come, and years may go, But we go on forever."

This last moment of a fleeting year of youth;
Tomorrow the first breath of serious age.

Jan. 1—New Year's day again.

'Tis pleasant, tho, to feel the tinge
Of surging life and work renewed,—
Another year to live.

Jan. 2—Twice out on the new year.

We're dulling some; the next decade
Bids fair to be much like the last.
Rather a monotonous old world, this, anyway.

A. X. Leap Year dance with Lucile Grieder as hostess.

Jan. 3—Clinton Y. M. C. A. trots out a basket ball team for our entertainment.

Jan. 4—Dr. Holden's appointment to the presidency of these domains, is announced in the morning press.

Jan. 5—Our new president becomes acquainted.

Dr. Hessler continues to pilot the student mob, much to the satisfaction of the previously mentioned mob.

Millikin Conservatory re-opens after holiday vacation.

Millidek Board meets.—
Curses! I fear I'm wrong
And may perchance
Thru cruel, searing circumstance
Be forced this all now to undo
And briefer bits concoct.

Jan. 6—Domestic troubles prevent little Johnny's giving much attention to this little old calendar. The rest of the staff will labor,—hope you like it and know you will!

Jan. 7—Two weeks ago this eve. Whoopla! (Gee, the staff's deep. I don't get that).

Jan. 8th—Decided not advisable to discuss treaty terms.

Jan. 9—Bob sled parties.

Jan. 10—Staff takes a rest.

Ebe in fraternity meeting: "Don't matrons and matronesses ever go to dances"?

Miss Conant in American Literature (to class): "We'll have a little oral quizz on Thursday and—refreshments."

Thursday came, refreshments were served.

Miss Conant: "I think we should give a vote of thanks to the person who suggested this lovely party."

Property is the fruit of labor; Property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The National Bank
of Decatur

"Decatur's Oldest National Bank"

ASTON
HALL.

KAUFMANS
INC.
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—They are never disappointed.

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PRINTING CO.

259 N. Main St. Decatur, Illinois

BASKET BALL

Our seconds trim K. of C. Marquettes.
Staley's beat Sparks Business College.
Our firsts muss up shins with Rose Poly and clean them well.
Jan. 11—Staff's still resting.
Pageant at St. John's Episcopal church.
Threatened with a dragging cold
And tired thru baleful listlessness
I stand two hours amidst the fold
And listen to a pageant mess,
A moving, thrilling, goodly thing,
A mass of passion too prolonged,
A clever act, a timely fling,
Well spoken words, a temple thronged.

Jan. 12—Millidek Board meeting; third dispensation of wisdom. home first, church and school next, "Eugeny" Allin last, but far from least, makes known to us such timely things as "every young man who seeks success should know."

"Eugeny's" our faculty adviser.

Jan. 13—Glee Club starts extra rehearsals.

Jan. 14—D. S. tea—more new dresses!

Jan. 15—Two more basket ball games.

Our seconds beat the Old Lincoln Spirit—poor little sister, we are not kind to thee.

Augustana, more popular than capable, meets disaster 37 to 20. We did it.

Jan. 16—Staff resumes duties.

T. K. E. dance.

Jan. 17—K. D. X. dance.

Jan. 18—Staff breaks under the strain, I guess.

Jan. 19—W. Abrams is cutting a wisdom tooth.

"Time is precious", said Professor Casey.
"It is indeed, and I've wasted an awful lot of it."
"By indulging in foolish pleasures, I suppose"?
"Not exactly. I waste most of it by being punctual in keeping my appointments with you."

Freshman, at first formal dance: "These pants are too tight. They are tighter'n my skin."
A general titter.
Freshman: "Well, I can sit in my skin."

"Has Joan many suitors"?
"Oh, yes, but none of them ever do."
"Do what"?
"Suitor."

Decatur Railway & Light Co.

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Decatur, Illinois

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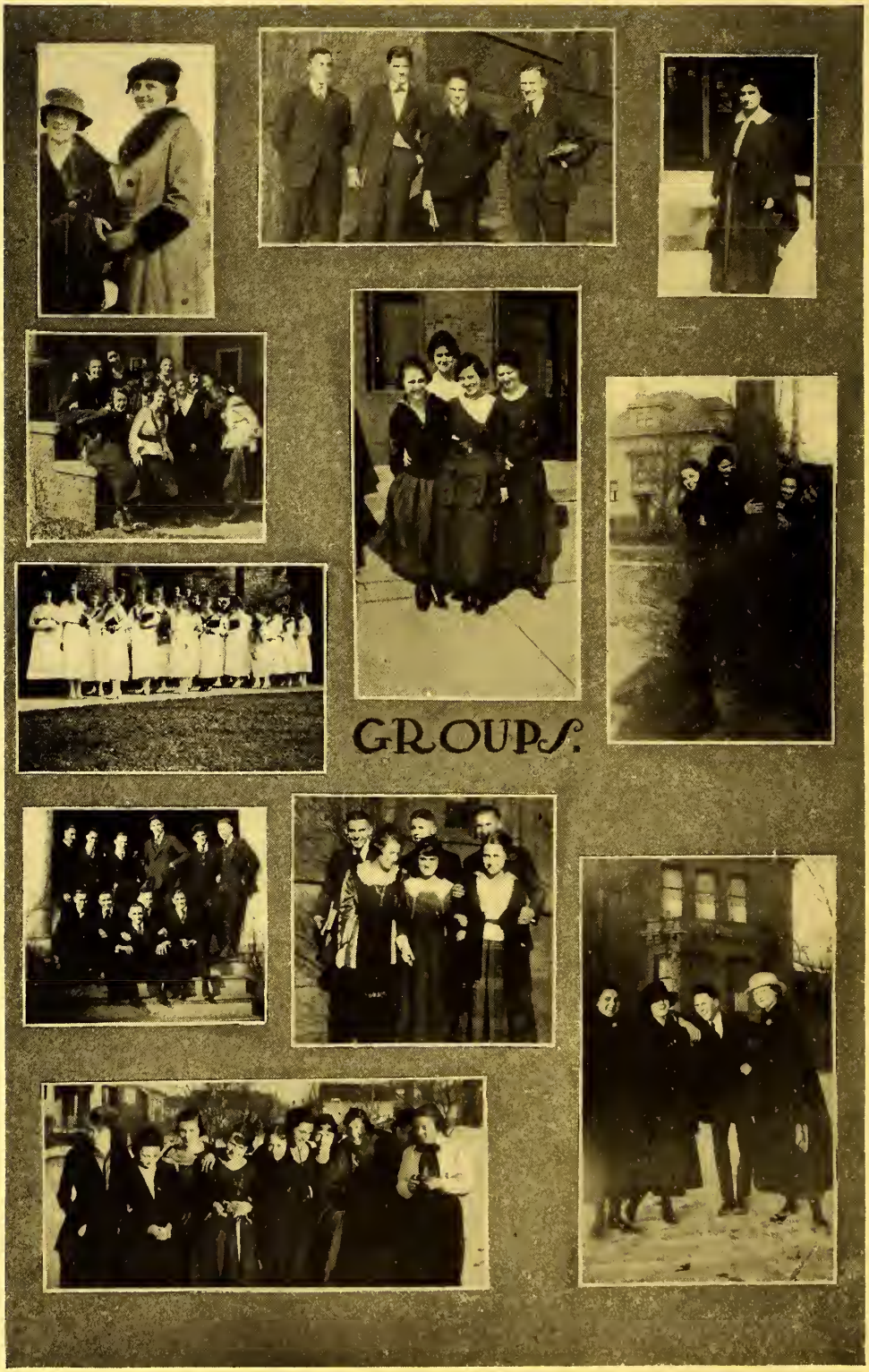
Use An Automatic Water Heater

An Electric Iron Makes Less Heat And Less Work

An Electric Fan Makes The Hot Weather Endurable.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Decatur's Busy Store

Always the Lowest Prices

Suits, Coats, Millinery, Dry Goods Rugs and Draperies

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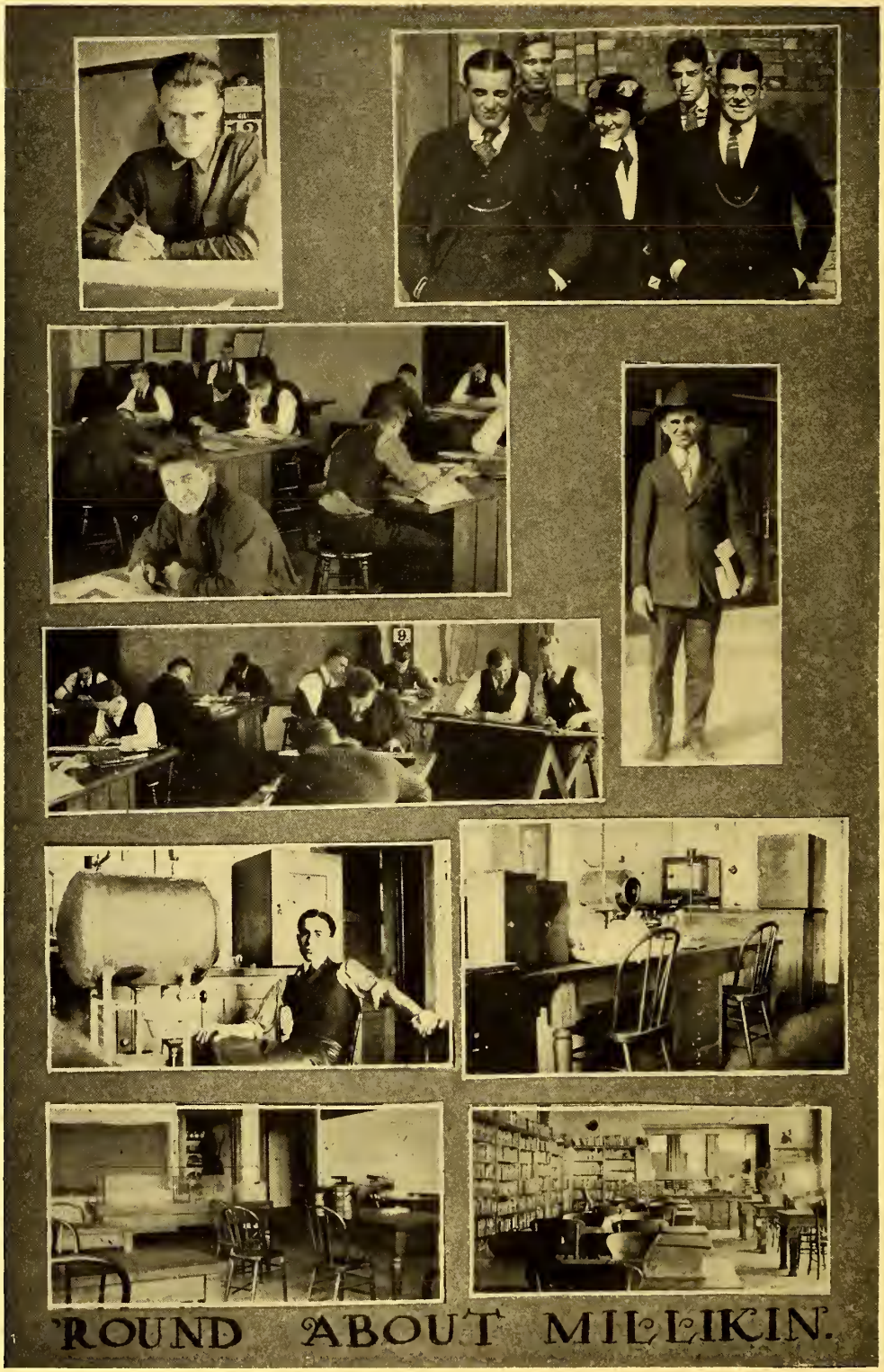

'ROUND ABOUT MILLIKIN.

Summer-

FINDS another school year drawing to a close, and commencement day no longer seems a part of the vague, indefinite future.

¶The commencement exercises of June 8th, will bring to many students concrete evidence of the attainment of their ambitions, the efforts of study hours will find ample reward in the Diploma of Graduation.

¶To the Class of 1920 the William Gushard Company expresses the hope that the efforts of future years will be as productive of results as have been those of the school life that is soon on to be a part of the past

The times are changed and we are changed with them.
tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.

¶We think this a fitting time to express, as well, our appreciation af the patronage accorded us by the faculty and student body of Millikin during the school year.

¶It is our hope that those students who are leaving Millikin on June 8th, will continue to regard this as an institution whose ambition it is to attain the limit in perfection of service.

¶Students who return next fall will find us ready with greatly enlarged facilities for rendering intelligent, helpful service, and a desire to render that service in the greatest possible measure of efficiency.

The Wm. Gushard Dry Goods Co.

C. E. WARD & SONS

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Mrs. Rover's Coffee
Ward Brand Coffee
Ridgway's Teas
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California Fruits
United Flour
Goochs Best Flour

All the above of the highest, unquestionable quality.

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Eastman Films
Kodak Books
Memory Books
Pictures and Frames
Gift Books
Place and Tally Cards
Birthday Cards
Stationery

"We Frame Pictures Right"

112 East Prairie Street

Jan. 20—Whistle blows again; Normal is trodden upon.

Jan. 21—Fever for quitting school breaks out.

Jan. 22—More fever.

Jan. 23—25th gradual accelerando and rise to metzo forte, culminating in—

Jan. 26—Where cramming begins, and continuing thru—

Jan. 27-30—With a grand massed fortissimo of exams.

Jan. 31—S. A. E. dance.

Feb. 1—The baby recovers from the measles, thus relieving little Johnny of his domestic troubles, and returning him to those of these scribblings. Incidentally my little old staff is proferred sincere appreciation and is retired with a pension of eternal gratitude.

Feb. 2—Registration today.

Some of us look glum;
All sort o' fagged, but some
Look hopefully ahead
To catch a gleam, perchance,
Of ultimate reward
And, happy circumstance—
A Kappa key, or more,
Hard work, our best success.

Feb. 3—F. Brenner wins Brown debate. Fine large crowd of 50 or so.

Feb. 4—Slowly, gradually, and with massive subtlety, the wheels of the new semester's labor mesh their cogs and start to turn.

Feb. 5—Wesleyan falls and fights, or fights and falls, just as you choose—it was really quite so much the one as the equal other.

Feb. 6—The Academy Dramatic Art Club presents "Captain Rackett."

These youthful ones of finite grace
Do credit to those older few
Who speak, and think, and act in terms
Of things beyond the common thought."

Feb. 7—S. A. E. and K. D. X. rough house:

These are anxious times, he said,
Days of fear and nights of dread,
Hours of anguish—worlds to shun
The manly punishment begun
And finished too, within a day,
A pleasant one—when yesterday.

Feb. 8—Sunday, the day of rest, observed as seldom before by masculine initiates.

Feb. 9—Millidek Board meeting—oh, yes! we do get together now and then!

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Feb. 10—Ross Crane is among us—paint, paintings, smile and wife, all those things that go to make a charming lecturer.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever"; Ross said so and Ross knows.

Feb. 11—Ross tarries with us, only more so at this writing.

Feb. 12—He's still here—Ross is—pictures and all, even his wife remains.

Today he speaks of "Landscape Gardening" and of "Appreciation of Living," and such.

"From the Eyebrows up"; let us see that to which we have before been blind—the innate color and line of nature, the lesser beauty of man's products.

Feb. 13—Ross assists in criticizing such works in oil as he carries with him, and later bids adieu.

Oh yes, other events occur all the while, but—

When the stage is set,
Let the master play his part,
And that unhampered."

We beat Charleston 35 to 25.

Feb. 14—St. Valentine's Day.

Pan Hellenic Scholarship Banquet.

Delta Delta Delta dance.

A tiny breath of heaven's big
Immortal goodness
Given us, that we may know
A measure of pure sweetness—truth—
A Valentine.

Feb. 15—Sunday. Cold.

One last caress
Of Winter's calloused hand;
His heartless cruelty,
A satire in the guise o ffriend.
Begone—enough—
We're frozen thru.

Mamma Aston's girlies raid the kitchen.

Miss Lindsay to stranger at the desk: "This is a splendid place to develop patience."

Stranger: "Oh, is that true? I'm a new doctor in town."

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Feb. 16—

These gloomy week beginnings,
Dark in every sunshine
Of the new born space,
Seem yet more dark when charged
With that cold sordidness
Of Spring held back beyond its stated time."

Feb. 17—Millikin beats Eureka.

Rev. Mr. Davies opens our annual week of prayer.

Miscreants at Mamma Aston's are penalized.

Woes enough, and evils too,
Do visit us from day to day
Without creating them anew
And driving innocence away."

Feb. 18—Senior girls of Aston Hall arise in the mightiness of unity and bump into a stone wall.

S .A. E's. come out to the evening service in exceptional strength.

Feb. 19—K. D's. and Tri Delts forge to the front in the prayer attendance contest. Tekes show an unprecedented slump, but are expected to come back strong.

Sophomore tea this afternoon.

Feb. 20—Week of prayer closes.

Feb. 21—Sophomore and Senior class parties.

Bradley beaten at Peoria. Poskover misses the car which later meets disaster on its way to Springfield—lucky little fellow, ain't he?

Land lady to B. McC.—"There's a hair on your coat, Bess."

B. McC.—"I don't understand where it came from. My man's a Baldwin—and toothless, too."

Professor M. L. Swarthout, grading a paper in Harmony III—"That's a rare bird. Did you try it on your organ"?

Professor D. M. Swarthout—You basses had better put on your life preservers when you dive down to that low E."

Teacher: "What are triplets"?
Small music student: "Babies."

Bill from Hammond Bros. to Conservatory:

From 332 S. Water to Conservatory through elevator shaft to third floor, Miss Lindsay, $10.00.

From main bldg. to Conservatory bldg., Miss Lindsay, $4.00.

To Conservatory for parading, Miss Lindsay, $7.50.

Blanche Ramer: "Today when I was taking my lesson something broke in the piano. I don't know what it was."

Miss Lindsay: "Oh, I know. It was a broken chord."

For 10 Years

The Millidek has been printed in our plant. Its uniformity of excellence is characteristic of the work done by us. All of our product receives the same careful attention to detail that has made *The Millidek* the acknowledged leader among college publications in the Central West. ¶We will be pleased to serve you as we have served *The Millidek* for the past ten years.

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Decatur, Illinois

Feb. 22.—Washington's birthday.

Since Sunday and this day come at one and the same time, the University declares a holiday.

Feb. 23—Only a dry, monotonous day.

Perhaps a deep rare sky, with straying wisps of clouds stringing here and there between the sun and you, but really, after all, nothing stirred to mar the dullness of the day's monotony.

Feb. 24—As some one has said:

"Madame Hammer appears in the 'Master Builder' without knocking."

Feb. 25—Senior's first chapel. Dr. Zimmerman expresses our judgment aptly:

"Those Seniors! They know how to do it, don't they"?

Feb. 26—Delta Delta Delta tea.

I go but feel lonely, every one else apparently having gone to those alluring girls' basket ball games .

Feb. 27—We beat Wesleyan 23 to 21 in that wee bit of a wrestling ring they dignify by the name of basket ball floor.

Our second team loses its first game and returns heartbroken, tho still hip-perfect.

Feb. 28—Kappa Delta Chi team wins girls' basketball championship of Millikin.

Large, comely, small,
Yet mighty one and all,
These charming bits of pep
Call forth our admiration.

Feb. 29—Better read this carefully—it won't happen again for forty years, and it won't happen then. I won't be writin' this line o' bunk on that future day.

The staff and I celebrate by writing things other than Calendar Calls (that's what these little dissertions are, "Calendar Calls",—you'd never have thought it, would you?)

March 1—Gentle like a lamb, March comes sneaking in.

March 2—Still gentle, Little Johnny's getting suspicious of this month already.

Hedding, the only undefeated team in the Little Nineteen, except Millikin, receives a terrific jolt. Our crew did have such a good time. 51-16.

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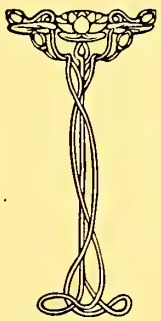

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March 3—I knew it!

Sure as fate, I knew it!

It's raining great sheets of wet, dripping rain, and I've lost my umbrella!

Always when this little old month sneaks in she has a mess of some sort up her sleeve.

March 4—District High School Tournament opens in Millikin Gymnasium.

March 5—Z. T. A. dance.

Basketball Tournament dominates local interest.

March 6—Kappa Delta Chi annual.

To eat, to dance, to entertain, the joys of right good fellowship—
These seem enough to call an evening well spent.

Decatur High wins the district basket ball championship.

March 7—Winter determines to hang over the week end.

March 8—Our basketeers romped all around and a great deal over a team of those former Millikin men who found their best success in tossing basketballs some several years since.

Millikin is introduced to collegiate boxing. Three bouts, all able to be about, thank you.

March 9—Mary Kent, contralto, grants us the privilege of hearing a very ordinary program unusually well delivered.

The basket ball team and Coach Wann are given a rousing send-off at chapel hour.

March 10—The team leaves for the tournament; Rock Island and the Championship, or know the reason why!

March 11—11:30 a. m. (First paragraph censored). Some one tells us Normal trimmed us 24-23. We know it's a lie, but since it isn't, what's a tournament anyway—a relic, perhaps, of high school days?

March 12—Urged on by home fires and Millikin fight, the gang at Rock Island mobs three contingents in succession, namely and in order: Those of Bradley, of Illinois College and of Charleston Normal.

Pep galore at home. It takes a little jar to knock the lid from snug complacency.

Sig Alph dance.

March 13—Quoting our school president "Hip, hip, hooray"! We win the danged tournament. First we squelch Normal 35 to 21, then we eat, and then we rest, and late that night we roll over Lombard 33 to 10.

The home guard leases a wire that such of us as are at home may get the winning game, play by play.

I never see so much excitement in these parts afore.

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THE YOUNG MAN---

and the Life Insurance he should buy

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Custom goes at Aston Hall
To celebrate girls' birthdays;
And here compiled
Are rhymes quite wild
To tell us of their pert ways.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How do your smiles grow,
With dimples here, and twinkles there
And pearly teeth all in a row.

Joe, Joe, the basket ball kid,
Wired the team, O, yes she did.
The message was sweet and the boys—they beat
And Joe went parading down the street.

Anna be nimble, Anna be hurryin'
Anna, you'll get a man called Irwin.

Little Katie Shock, tried to pick a lock,
When the clock at midnight said a-tick a-tock;
Why should she be blamed if the gang got caught;
Why shouldn't she be a Bolshevik if she thot she ought?

Georgia, Porgia Pudding and pie
Demonstrated and made 'em buy;
When she'd collected all her pay,
Georgia Porgia ran away.

Fried eggs hot, fried eggs cold;
Fried eggs under the bed ninety days old;
Some like 'em hot, some like 'em cold,
But Biggs likes 'em best ninety days old.

Cake candles twinkle, cake candles wink,
Cake candles on your birthday always make you think;
Some like em white as snow, some black as ink,
But Curry likes 'em always a real bright Pink.

Heydiddle diddle, the girl with the fiddle,
Her room mate slipped on the rug,
Her kick was soon ended
When she heavily descended
And the dean below heard a thud.

Ruth's friends in pairs, went up the stairs
To fetch a bunk to sleep in;
Their scheme fell down
When the dean did frown,
And there were wails and weepin'.

Delia—"What kind of stones are those in your pin, Margaret"?
Margaret—"I don't know."
Delia—"I know. They're sody bottle chips."

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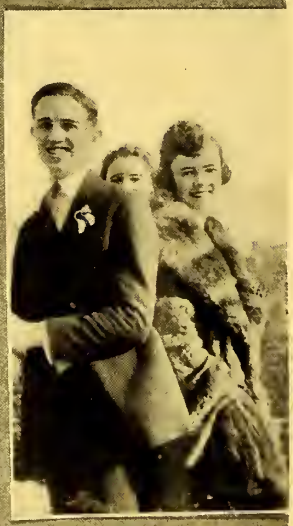

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Noise by the barrel fulls, and a parade, and a snake dance! Oh, boy! Even Mamma Aston's proteges become freely expressive.

Sig Alph Stag.

March 14—Peach of a day today—just the sort of a day to welcome home a squad of conquering heroes.

March 15—"Seventeen" visits the Lincoln Square. Most of us enjoy it; the few exceptions are troubled by deterring studies.

March 16—Pep meeting in chapel to express dignified appreciation —you know.

March 16—Prexy Holden speaks, and Mr. McClelland (Pete's Dad) speaks—and Coach Wann speaks—and Prof. Cole speaks—and aw, what's the use; you know how it is at such doin's.

March 17—Irish day today.

Mary Muir's been wearin' the green ever since Sunday—and Mary's such a good girl too.

March 18—Army and Navy all star basketeers of the feminine persuasion hook up in a ripping struggle.

Navy 12, Army 9; we're impartial, but, can you beat it? It's not the score that hurts; it's the principle of the thing.

March 19—Millikin loses Tri-Collegiate debate to Eureka negatives here and to Wesleyan affirmatives at Normal.

Miss Ada Lindsay promotes a most pleasing formal Pan Hellenic dance, a gracious affair graciously conducted.

March 20—Post Tournament Jubilee in charge of Y. M. and Y. W.

Speaking of stunts and of booths, and of hamburgers, and of onions—Oh, boy! they certainly do be present!

Seriously, has Millikin ever produced an equal and similar event?

March 21—Spring begins.

The softest wave of trembling breeze,
The clearest glint of sunlight ray,
The newest bud of waking trees,
These mark the spring's returning day.

Dr. Kelso's English class:

Bess McClure—"Would you consider Scott's Kenilworth a poor novel since Amy dropped out"?

Maurita Shafer went into the Princess.

"How much are salted almonds, please"?

"One dollar a pound, Miss."

"How much is that almond loaf"?

"One twenty-five a pound, Miss."

"How much are those chocolates"?

"The same, Miss."

"Oh! I'll take a dime's worth of peanuts."

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ADA E. LINDSAY, Secretary

March 22—Baseball and track men break into open training.

Such days as these
Were made for youth—
To dream in, not to study.

March 23—Mamma Aston's girls celebrate their annual spring opening.

Now we do know spring is here.
Three rousing cheers,
The little dears
Have blossomed out in white;
Three cheers once more,
Then close the door
And bid the dears good night.

March 24—Men's Glee Club entertains the orphan tots of Pythian Home.

Poor, helpless, little dukers, especially the sleeping tow-head on the front row; what have they ever done to deserve this yearly visitation.

March 25—Little Johnny feels depressed.

It rained this evening, uh, huh, it rained quite a neat little spill. The ground's full, and the street's full, and the walk's full, and the very air itself's full—all of water and I'm full of soggy, gloomy, glumness.

March 26—T. K. E. formal dance at the Country Club.

The rain has all gone, the moon rides serenely on high—oh me, oh my—on such a night as this—I hope you know the rest, Johnny doesn't.

March 27—Pi Beta Phi formal dance.

March 28—Nice day today, here. One of those pesky tornadoes tears into Chicago and messes things up—there. Olive M. just escaped.

March 29—Nothing of note happened this way today.

Guess I'll let you in on a secret: Just two more days of these labors for little me.

March 30—Basketball banquet in honor of our championship team. Miss McCaslin, toastmistress, does the affair to a pleasing brown.

Just one more day for Johnny.

March 31—Annual unexpurgated edition of the Dec. Edition confiscated.

The University closes for Easter vacation, while little Johnny closes for good.

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April 1—April Fool! Here I am. You didn't think I'd write any more, did you? Fooled you, didn't I? Johnny's got to have his fun, just got to have it, you know.

Gladys Orr's Senior piano recital.

April 1 to 7—Spring vacation.

April 9—Dramatic Art Club presents Pierre Patelin for the second time.

Zeta Tau Annual.

Alpha Chi Omega formal.

April 16—Devereux Players.

K. D. X. dance.

April 17—Devereux Players.

April 20—Helen Gene Cantrall's piano recital.

April 22—Twelfth annual Glee Club home concert.

April 24—T. K. E. dance.

April 29-30—Missionary exhibit.

May 1—S. A. I. dance. Alpha Chi dance. Freshman party.

May 3—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra.

May 4—Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra with Hiawatha by Decatur Oratorio Choir.

May 7—Sig Alph dance.

May 8—Junior-Senior party.

May 10—Freshman-Sophomore contest.

Stories due for Brownback Short Story contest.

May 11—Girls' Glee Club home concert.

May 13—Founders' day.

Wilma Moffett's post graduate organ recital.

May 14—President's reception for Seniors.

K. D. X. dance.

May 15—Pi Phi dance.

May 17—Mary Keith's piano recital.

Sophomore breakfast

May 24—S. A. I. picnic.

May 26—Pi Mu Theta garden party at country club.

May 28—Academy play.

May 29—T. K. E. breakfast.

May 31 to June 3—Semester exams.

June 3—Dramatic Art Club play.

June 4—Conservatory Kindergarten demonstration.

Public reception and campus concert.

June 5—Academy commencement.

Conservatory commencement.

June 6—Baccalaureate sermon.

June 7—Class day.
Conservatory picnic.
Alumni dinner.
June 8—University commencement.
Alumni luncheon, noon.
President's reception 4 p. m.

And now litle Johnny must bid you adieu. He has enjoyed these few moments with you; he is glad if he has in any measure given you aught of anything which may have added to the fullness of each reader's receptive present and future; he is appreciative of the kind tolerance of all such as have found his daily dissertations to grate upon their nobler and more delicate personalities. Again, adieu, and may the year now past be forever a happy memory precedent to a full measure of realization of yet happier future anticipations.

Most sincerely yours,

JOHNNY JENKINS.

First girl—My father is a lawyer.
Second girl—My father is a farmer.
Third girl—My father is a merchant.
Marie Dohm—Well, my pa's a peasant.

Friend of Harold's: "I thought you took that subject last year."
"I did; but the faculty requested an encore."

We'll say it is summer.
They are out in a canoe.
She is knitting, same as last year.
Suddenly she gets clever.
She looks anxiously at the water.
"Oh, Jack, I've dropped a stitch."
But he was clever, too.
"And now I suppose you expect me to play purl diver for you."

"What part of history do you consider the hardest"?
"Why, the stone age."

He, who took French—"Ah! je t' adore"!
She, who did not—"Shut it yourself. You left it open."

When you've bats in your belfry that flut—
When your comprenez-vous rope is cut—
When there's nobody home
In the top of your dome—
Then your head's not a head—it's a nut.
A Senior—"I aint got no time to wait here no longer."
A Freshman (confidently)—"When they get him in Freshman English he'll get that taken out of him."

A Freshman was standing in line waiting to get her permit to register, when Coach Wann came down the corridor.
"Gee," she exclaimed, "is that big fellow a Freshman too"?

Did you know that one of the Freshmen who helped tie the whistle down on Armistice day (or night thereof) got scared at the first toot of the whistle and in trying to make his getaway thru the cemetery got lost in that interesting place?

On a Freshman exam paper—"Air pressure is caused by the weight of the sun, moon and stars pressing down toward the earth." We know now who starts these stories about the end of the world.

Clark Logan in psychology—"If one's head is cut off, one has no mind."
Prof. Henderson—"But Clark, your head is such a big thing."

Why was the whale that swallowed Jonah like a milkman?
It took the profit (prophet) out of water.

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Poskover (to John Birks, who had just missed the 4:30 interurban)—"Miss your car"?

John—"No, idiot, I was just chasing the thing out of the yard."

Ebe—"Yes, I'm continually breaking into song."

Sammy—"If you'd ever get the key you wouldn't need to break in."

It costs money these days even to read about meat. The original manuscript of Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" sold for $12,600.

This poem accompanied some flowers to Mrs. Walker's bedside:

Here's to our dearie, old Dean!
She grew so sassy and mean
The Lord took a hand
And low she did land
In bed with a cold in her bean.

—Anonymous

Pinkey—"What did your father say when you told him that my love for you was like a gushing brook?

F. C.—"He said 'Dam it.' "

Prof. Mills—What are the chief exports of Virginia?

Tobacco and live stock.

Prof. Mills—Live stock? What kind of live stock?

Camels.

Miss McCaslin—Some people tho old in years are always young. That is the way I'm going to be.

Miss Christison—You are.

Helen Bennett—"What men shall I give as references"?

Zua Hazzard from other end of table—"I'm going to give a minister as one of my men."

Dr. Smith was walking down the street when accidently he allowed one foot to drop in the dry gutter. Thinking deeply on some obscure subject, he unconsciously continued walking with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. Prof. Henderson meeting him, stopped and said:

"Good morning, Doctor. How are you feeling this morning"?

"Well, when I left home this morning I was feeling quite all right, but during the last few minutes I notice I have a limp in my left leg."

Two Definitions.

Labor—Something Don R. avoids.

Bottled goods—O, well, ask Pete Cassell and Dean Curry.

Mr. Hart—"Young man, do you feel that you are capable of handling the English language in the proper fashion"?

"Yes, sir."

"Then please take this dictionary down to the library."

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From a Champaign newspaper:

T. K. E. Dance

"Tau Kappa Epsilon entertained at a dancing party Saturday evening at the Champaign country club. One of the decorative features of the dance was the alternating blue and white lighting effects.

The 7th dance was a prize feature dance, followed by circle dances. After the ninth dance a light buffet supper was served.

Out-of-town guests were: Misses Eda Egandorf of LaGrange, Jeanette Johnson of Kewanee, Helen Johnson of Galesburg, E. Spence, Earle Roberts, and **Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Sampson** all of Decatur, and Mr. Sternberg, of Green-Castle, Ind.

Town guests and chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Stallings, R. Weaver, L. M. Short, Arthur Drummett and R. C. Graham."

During the basket ball season "Mid" Godwin said she took such good care of George's heart that he was becoming a better player all the time.

Hip, hip, hurrah for "Mid."

A Clipping from a Decatur Paper:

"Look at John C.," said a shouting Millikin university student in the crowd which met the returning championship basketball team Sunday afternoon.

The crowd swarmed about the transfer station on Lincoln Square as the interurban car from Peoria arrived soon after 5 o'clock and the enthusiastic students were yelling a welcome to the team.

"Look at John C.", repeated the student.

"See him wave his hat to the fellows and hear him join in the cheering."

"Osky Wow, Wow.

Skinny, Wow, Wow.

Millikin, Millikin, Wow"!

"Ain't he the good old scout"? fervently said the student in cheerful disregard of the rules of English as laid down by the English department of the school.

"John C." is the best loved man at Millikin—Dr. John C. Hessler, professor of chemistry, dean of the school.

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